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JOHN HOGAN
1805-1892





J O H N H O G A N

1833

From a Miniature

RECOLLECTIONS²
OF
JOHN HOGAN

By His Daughter

MRS. SIMON L. BOOGHER

(Sophia Hogan Boogher)



ST. LOUIS
1927

Mound City Press, St. Louis

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P R E F A C E

Our mother has found a labor of love in the task of compiling these memories of the interesting and varied life of her father. She has written the most of these lines in the quiet of her daughter's home, where she has spent the past few years of her life, since the passing away of our father, her loved companion of fifty-nine years.

To us it is a most remarkable fact that our mother, now at the age of eighty-seven years, has so lately written the most of these interesting incidents of a life spent in the service of others, and that at this advanced age her mind is so clear as to things that happened long ago that she has been able to write about them thus, in her own simple and graceful way.

At an early age her mother was taken from her, and she always looked to her father as her nearest and dearest.

Her entire life has been spent in or near St. Louis. In her early girlhood she attended a French school in St. Louis,—Madame Voullair's; later, a girls' school which was conducted by Miss Long, from Boston. In 1857 she went to Jacksonville College, in Illinois, though it was a most unusual thing in those days for a girl to go away to college, and the broadness of her father's scholarly mind was thus

shown by his desire for a higher education for his daughter, as for his sons later.

She was married, in 1864, to Simon L. Boogher, of Frederick County, Maryland, who had removed to St. Louis and had gone into business with Chase & Cabot, a wholesale shoe firm. Later he went into business for himself, in the Rainwater-Boogher Wholesale Hat Company, and remained in this firm for many years, retiring only at an advanced age.

Seven children were born to them, five of whom are now living:

Dr. Frank Boogher, St. Louis.

John Hogan Boogher, Grand Falls, Texas.

Lawrence Boogher, St. Louis.

Clinton Boogher, Pacific, Missouri.

Mrs. Nathaniel L. Moffitt, St. Louis.

At an early age she joined Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Louis, and has been a member there ever since.

HER CHILDREN.

St. Louis, 1927.

INTRODUCTION

My children, and also a large number of my father's friends, have often asked me why I did not write a biographical sketch of my dear father's life. The work, I knew, would truly be a delight to me, but I have put off beginning it for several reasons.

I felt myself too old for so important an undertaking, and I felt myself altogether incapable of writing such a record as his life deserved. Then, again, my dear father left so little written material, so few records of his long, useful, eventful life, that, having to depend largely upon memory and a few records, I feared the sketch might not be what it ought to be and what I greatly desired it to be.

But my children, who knew and loved their grandfather, have urged me to lay aside these objections and forget the obstacles; and so I begin, asking indulgence for the space given to this apology.

I was married in my father's home, in September, 1864. Many of the incidents of my father's life and occupation that are mentioned in these pages occurred after that year, and in my absence. My eldest brother, John V. Hogan, now living in New York City, remained at home with my father long years after my marriage, and has given me many of the facts inscribed in this sketch, which came under his own observation.

SOPHIA HOGAN BOOGHER.

St. Louis, 1927.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN HOGAN

PREACHER, PIONEER, STATESMAN

I. THE EARLY YEARS

The Boyhood of John Hogan.

On the River Blackwater, famous in story and song, stands the quaint little Town of Mallow, County Cork, Ireland. In this town lived Thomas Hogan and Mary Field, his wife, and to them on the second day of January, 1805, there was born a son. To this boy, their first-born, they gave the name of John. It may have been the name of some ancestor; or it may have been that the parents, knowing the significance of the name to be a "gracious gift of God," gave it to him on that account.

We have but little record of his infancy and very early childhood, but I am as positive as if I had a written record before me that in no respect was this blue-eyed baby at all a commonplace one; he must have given, even then, indications of what he was to be, "an uncommon man." (And right here I want to say I do not believe a commonplace baby ever was born, for, to the true mother heart and eye, there never is anything plain or commonplace in the precious child committed to her love and care).

My father remembered his parents, especially his mother. No doubt this little boy enjoyed himself after the fashion of strong, healthy, happy children of his age—ate and slept, had his joys and griefs, ills and accidents. One especially he remembered. He said his father's garden was surrounded by a high stone wall, and he managed one day to climb to the top of this wall, lost his balance and fell. His head narrowly escaped striking a sharp stone. He was bruised and hurt, but remembered distinctly being carried into the house in his mother's arms, and hearing her say that from such a narrow escape from instant death she believed he was destined to live to be an old man, and she prayed he might be a good man. Her prayer was answered. He did live to be an old man and a good man, but the mother did not live to see it, for when the child was but a few years old her hands were laid across a pulseless breast.

My grandfather married again, and I think my father was about eight years old when his father was persuaded to sell out his business in the Town of Mallow and emigrate to America, where it was represented to him that money and funds were plentiful, and, with his second wife and his son John, started for that newer country. He left in Ireland a young son and daughter, half-brother and half-sister of my father. These young children were placed in the care of their maternal grandparents, who refused to part with them until the father and mother were fully established in the new home. This arrange-

ment seemed providential, for the little family had a stormy passage across the Atlantic, and these young children, accustomed to every comfort at home, could hardly have endured the journey, especially when we bear in mind that vessels that crossed the ocean in those days were not the floating palaces we have today. Cargo quality fixes importance in the departure or arrival of ships. A vessel loaded with gold and another loaded with something less valuable have different ratings. All the human cargoes that go aboard ships are of value and are valuable in God's sight. But I am more than glad that through the mercy of God that little ship breasted the storms that must have assailed it as it crossed the wide Atlantic, and came safely to land with our precious one aboard. What a valuable cargo it carried—that little ship!

The little family landed in the city of Baltimore, Maryland. But everything was found to be so different, so altogether unlike what it had been represented to him, that in a little over a year's time my grandfather, heartsick and homesick, died. My father always said he had died of a broken heart. After some months' time his widow married again, and my father, not liking the man she married, left her home and never heard of her again. The state took charge of the little orphan boy alone in the world, and he was apprenticed to a Mr. James Hance, who had a large boot and shoe manufactory in the city of Baltimore. He lived in the home of Mr. Hance,—it was usual in those days for an appren-

tice to find a home in the family of his employer. I have often heard my father say that while Mr. Hance was a stern, strict man, he and his family were kind and just to the little orphan boy—even taught him to read; and as long as Mr. Hance lived, for many years after my father left Baltimore, whenever he went east he always went to Baltimore to see Mr. Hance, and I well remember some of his children visiting our home in St. Louis.

What proved to be a very important episode in my father's life occurred while he was still with Mr. Hance. He was playing marbles out in the street one Sunday morning, happy and unconcerned, when Mr. Robert Armstrong, a great Sunday school worker and Superintendent of the City Springs Sunday School, on his way to the school noticed the little lad intent on his game, stopped, and with his hand on the boy's head, said, "Son, would you like to go to Sunday school?" "Sunday school,—what is that?" exclaimed the boy. Mr. Armstrong told him, so he gladly put away his marbles and went with him. The hand of a kind and loving Providence was surely in the act and words of Mr. Armstrong, and that Sunday morning meeting proved to be the parting of the ways in my father's life, for through it he became a Christian. Mr. Armstrong was a highly educated Christian gentleman. I remember him well, having visited him in his home in after years. He owned a large book-store in the city of Baltimore, and was beloved by all who knew him. From the first he showed a great interest in

the little boy seemingly so anxious to learn, and took him to the Old Light Street Methodist Church, where he became a regular attendant.

Mr. Hance and one of his apprentices had taught the boy to read, and with this knowledge his interest in the Sunday school became more intense. He could not bear to be absent. Kind teachers encouraged him, good books were given him, some as records for attendance and merit. He was no longer lonely; books and study became a passion with him, and often have I heard him say that much of this early education was acquired in the Sunday school. He became a teacher in the school, and soon after was made superintendent of one of the branch schools. What little money he had went toward the purchase of books, and when work was over they were his pleasure. He would often stop at the book-stalls, and the proprietors, seeing his eagerness, directed and encouraged him by recommending good books only. He told me about the first book he bought. He was passing along the street where an auction was being conducted. A book was put up for sale, and he bid two cents, and got it. When he reached home and looked at his treasure, he found it was "Paley's Evidences of Christianity," and it was minus a cover. He did not then understand its contents, but it was a book, and the book was his own. In after life a copy of this same book in handsome binding had a place in his library, and gave him great pleasure and instruction in the reading. But he often spoke almost wistfully of his first copy.

Apprentices in those days were allowed for their own use only half a candle; even that had to last for an evening or two. My father often told us how he welcomed a bright moonlight night, for by that he could see to read and save his candle, and that was his favorite pastime.

My father told his children he never remembered using an oath but once in his life. It was when he was still a small boy. He had gone to bed, when one night he was awakened by the cry of fire. He hastily dressed himself and started out, anxious to see the fire. After he had run some distance, a man asked him if he knew where the fire was; and with an oath he replied that he did not. The fact that he had dared to take God's name in vain so frightened him, he turned back, undressed and covered up his head in bed. He did not see that fire, nor did he remember ever again using an oath.

As the years rolled by his interest in church and church work increased. In 1821 he was happily converted and united with the Methodist Church. In 1823, he became an exhorter, an officer in the Church.

The Mature Man and Preacher.

For some time he felt that he was called to the ministry, and on July 5, 1826, the Baltimore Conference granted him a license to preach; in his later years he delighted to recount his first efforts. He remembered that one night when he was in the pulpit he saw up near the front Dr. Phoebus, one

of the great preachers in the early days of Methodism in New York and New England, but then practicing medicine in Baltimore and serving the church as a "local preacher." He had been sent to hear "John," and was so pleased he assured the Conference they had made no mistake in giving him a license to preach.

As my father grew into manhood he attracted many delightful acquaintances and associates, and formed friendships that were lifelong. A few of these it was my happy fortune to meet,—among them Mr. Armstrong and his family, in his lovely home in Baltimore, where I was made a welcome guest because I was the daughter of my father; and I well remember Mr. Armstrong's son visited us here in St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Hart and their two highly gifted daughters were beloved friends of my father's, and in their charming home I was made welcome on his account.

Mr. and Mrs. James Louderman loved my father, and in their home, where culture and refinement reigned, I too was made welcome. These delightful people moved to St. Louis. I remember going with my father to visit them, and I thought it strange to hear them call him "John." This friendship ceased only with their death. These were but a few of my father's early friends, and they, together with his great desire and love for study, were no doubt unconsciously fitting him for his after career, which was to be a long and unusually diversified one.

He Leaves the East for the West.

Another important epoch in my father's life began about this time. Bishop Joshua Soule, the first Bishop of the Methodist Church to cross the Alleghany Mountains, was sent to the then "far West" to look over the work. He selected my father as his traveling companion. My father often told us of his surprise at this appointment, and how he hesitated to accept, urging his lack of almost everything a person occupying such a position would need,—a better education than he possessed, means, even suitable clothing; but his friends, who appreciated the honor and the advantages which this offer would afford him, soon overcame these obstacles. Books were furnished him, two complete suits of clothing, made in the style worn then by Methodist preachers, a knitted purse filled with gold coins, and a strong young horse. Among other gifts from friends there was one he often mentioned. It was a goodly supply of fine handkerchiefs. These were from his dear friend Mrs. Hart, his initials embroidered with her own hair.

Circuit-riding.

In August, 1826, the Bishop, my father, and a few others left Baltimore on horseback, and began their eight-hundred-mile journey to the almost unknown West. My father never forgot the many pleasing incidents of that journey, the beautiful country, then but sparsely settled, the hospitable people,—all, all he enjoyed. He told us he even enjoyed preaching

to the people who had gathered to hear the Bishop and did not know that the young preacher was with him. After a hard day's ride, when they reached a little settlement, word would be sent around that a bishop was to preach that evening; but the Bishop, often feeling too fatigued to speak, would say to my father, "John, you must preach tonight." As he entered the old-fashioned high pulpit of the church, he would hear the remark, "He is a mighty young-looking man to be a bishop!"

In the fall the little party reached Chillicothe, Ohio; there the Bishop held conference. Among those ordained was Rev. Wesley Browning, who afterward removed to St. Louis and became quite prominent in the conference here. The Bishop moved on to Indiana, and I think my father joined that conference. The following year he was appointed to a four weeks' circuit, embracing twenty-five preaching places. Bishop Soule introduced him as a new recruit from Baltimore. He often preached thirty to forty sermons while making the circuit, and traveled on horseback with as many books in his saddle-bags as they could hold, his custom being to read as he rode. His marvelous memory, which he retained to his old age, thus secured valuable stores of knowledge, and the constant habit of preaching one or more times each day laid the foundation upon which his later fame as an orator was reared. In 1827 and 1828 he traveled in Illinois, preaching in Madison, St. Clair, Bond and Fayette Counties.

In 1829 he was assigned to the St. Louis Circuit

of the newly organized Missouri Conference, which then embraced a territory extending along the south bank of the Missouri River from St. Louis to Boonville. This region was then to a large extent unsettled. Indians and wild beasts were common. The hardships and privations were almost too great for him. His health suffered; but he and his little horse "Jim," that my father thought knew more than any other horse in the world,—these companions, who had borne so many hardships cheerfully and bravely, kept on. Preaching was a passion with him, and his sermons were often prepared while he was riding from one settlement to another. Preaching was always a great occasion with him, whether speaking to great or small audiences. The size of the audience did not make the greatness of the occasion for him. The size of the Gospel made it, and his pulpit was wherever he was. He seldom had much privacy at his stopping places, rarely had a room to himself; much of his studying and writing was done in the same room with the family and children. He always tried to keep his appointments, and the people loved the young preacher. He loved the Sunday school to the closing days of his life, and to be asked to address a Sunday school was always a joy unspeakable to him. With his first word he gained attention and held it, from the oldest person to the youngest.

So successful had been his work on this large circuit that many years later, when at places at which he had preached in these early days, he met many who would recall to him occasions when they had

heard him preach, and had entertained him in their homes.

How his children have wished he had kept a written record of these early days of his life! It would be good reading today. Only occasionally would he speak of those days, telling of something in connection with them. One instance that I have never forgotten was this.—On his rounds there was a family who always wanted the young preacher to stop at their house. In doing so he had noticed that the lady of the house was not as particular about the cleanliness of the cooking utensils as he thought she should be; so when asked what he would like for his breakfast, he would always tell her, “a boiled potato and a boiled egg.” These he knew would be clean. My father told us this good sister would often say to him, “Brother Hogan, you are the easiest man to cook for I ever knew.”

The life of a circuit-rider in those days was hard. Settlements were far apart, the houses mostly log cabins, not very large, and with the generally large families the sleeping accommodations were to say the least quite primitive. The usual food was chicken or bacon, varied occasionally by venison and wild fowl; this, with potatoes and corn bread, was usually the full menu. The circuit, such as the Missouri one, was usually ridden about once a month, in fair weather about fifteen miles a day.

Two services were held each day, and sometimes another where he stopped for the night; the congregation of course small, some coming five and ten miles,

usually riding, and often two on one horse. But as there was only one service a month, everyone who could get out was there. Saturday night and Sunday were generally spent at some point where there was a settlement, and a larger population. The services there were more elaborate, and bore some trifling resemblance to a town church. The preacher almost invariably constituted the choir. For that purpose my father was especially well fitted, as he had a fine, high baritone voice, clear as a bell, and most musical.

No weather interfered with the circuit-rider's duties, unless there were very severe storms. Winter and summer he rode his circuit, be the weather hot or cold. Always his little congregation was waiting for him, and he tried not to disappoint them. His compensation seldom exceeded twenty-five dollars a month. His only home was a room he occupied during his short stay at his starting point.

His Marriage.

In September, 1830, my father was married to Miss Mary Mitchell West, the fourth daughter of Tilghman Hillary and Mary Mitchell West, and granddaughter of Rev. Edward Mitchell. My mother was born in Bourdetort County, Virginia, January 23, 1809. Her family was all of fine Virginia ancestry running back beyond Revolutionary days, and later very prominent in the history of southern Illinois. Of this union, five children were born, of whom three died in infancy.

Mary, the third daughter, never married, and passed

away when about fifty years of age. Sophia Hogan, the youngest daughter and writer of this sketch, married Simon L. Boogher of Maryland, and is still living (1927).

My grandfather wished to manumit his large number of slaves; but the laws of Virginia not permitting this, and Illinois being a free state, the West, Mitchell and Hillary families, all relatives, moved, in 1818, to Belleville, Illinois, where in 1819 my grandfather gave all his slaves their freedom. There, in her father's house, my mother and father were married, an uncle, Rev. James Mitchell, performing the ceremony.

Retirement from the Active Ministry.

It has been mentioned that before his marriage the work and the exposure in riding frontier circuits had greatly impaired my father's health, and in August, 1830, at the age of twenty-five, he was compelled to give up the active ministry for a while and then became what in the Methodist Church is termed a "local preacher," but he continued to preach to the end of his life, and became very prominent in all church matters. His heart was in this work; he loved to tell the Gospel story. He seldom put pen to paper in preparation. He stood up, thinking on his feet, not so much of his sermon as of his hearers, hoping to help them. His life was a sermon. Children, young men, young women, men of large business affairs had but to meet him anywhere, and the sermon was preached.

His Rare Personality.

Right here, almost at the beginning of my story of his long and eventful career, I want to give a description of my father's personal appearance, mostly from details given me by my uncles, Benjamin and Edward West, who knew and loved him from early manhood to the end of his life.

As I write this page, I find my pen truly a sympathetic one; and the character and appearance of him of whom I write is such an attractive one that I am again and again filled with gratitude that such a life was lived. Can you understand my effort in writing of him and not showing my sense of personal proprietorship? He was now about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, five feet nine or ten inches in height, graceful in figure, elastic in step, dignified in bearing, with finely shaped head, thickly covered with beautiful auburn hair that slightly curled at the ends, and with deep blue eyes that reflected every emotion, the orator's mouth, and a most winning smile. As a guest, he was ever charming,—his presence ingratiating, his voice musical and wonderfully winning, far-reaching, with chords of tenderness that woke responsive emotions in the hearts of his hearers. Nature and grace had wonderfully outfitted my father for all occasions. As a man he was gracious to all, sympathetic, loving, fond of children, gentle as a woman. As a preacher of the Gospel he was ingratiating and abounding at times in eloquence of the highest type. His marvelous memory, retained to the end of his life, could at a moment's notice reproduce

all that was beautiful of prose and poetry from his years of reading. His presentation of the Gospel truth with simplicity, beauty and force was irresistible.

His was the oratorical temperament, which is defined as a "spontaneous readiness to express thought and feeling," and he was at all times able to deliver, memoriter, passages with all the freshness of momentary impulse. Those who felt the sweetness of his smile can never forget him, and that winning smile showed the pearly teeth that stayed with him to the end of his life. These are but a few of his claims to our reverent and lasting remembrance. I have very often wished I knew something of his father and mother, their early history and life. Ancestry counts for much; but in the absence of this knowledge we gladly give God the praise for all he was and all he did; the inspiration came from Him.

Some time during the year 1833 my father and my uncle, B. J. West, started for Philadelphia to purchase goods. They rode horseback all the way. While there my father had a miniature of himself painted on ivory, by an artist named Smith, whose studio was on Arch Street, Philadelphia. The uncle who was with him at the time always told me it was a perfect portrait of my father. It is one of my treasures, and to me priceless. I never wear it but someone will stop and ask to look at it, and I have had children on the street ask me if that was "one of the Presidents." (*See the frontispiece to this volume*).

My uncle told me the following incident occurred during this trip east.—My father and uncle, having finished their purchases in Philadelphia, took stage for New York, and while there for a few days heard of a great missionary meeting to be held in old John Street Methodist Church during their stay. Going to the church on the evening of the meeting, they found it crowded, so took seats in the rear and listened to several speeches from men high in church councils. During a pause my father rose to speak. The presiding Bishop rose and said, "If I am not mistaken, that is Brother Hogan from Illinois speaking. If so, will he please come forward and make his talk from the platform?" My father went forward, and my uncle said he seemed inspired as he pleaded for missionary help to build churches in what was then known as the "far West." He spoke of riding over the beautiful country, with here and yonder the blue smoke rising over the trees, showing that there was a home, where lived a man, his wife and children, who should have the Gospel preached to them, and schools where those children could be educated. The parents longed for those privileges, but unless churches and ministers, schools and teachers were sent them, who was to tell them of God, and how were they to fit themselves to be the citizens, the future builders of that vast country? My uncle told me he had never heard such an appeal, and at its close quite a large collection was given for this purpose, and even the next morning before they left the hotel several came inquiring for that young preacher. They too wanted

to help send the Gospel to that far western country; so his appeal had not been made in vain.

(I do not apologize for these intimate little items. They were a part of his life; they were given me by eye-witnesses of them, those who knew and loved him, and to me they seem sacred, so I insert them).

Soon after my father's marriage, and after he had retired from the active ministry and "located," he engaged in a general merchandising business in Edwardsville, Illinois, in partnership with one of his brothers-in-law, Edward M. West. This business prospered very greatly, so much so that he removed to Alton, then the largest town in Southern Illinois, where he established a wholesale grocery house which was very successful.

II. THE MIDDLE YEARS

In 1835 my father was chosen President of the Alton branch of the State Bank of Illinois. This connection made him a very prominent citizen, and he became a leading member of the Whig party. The visits which he made once or twice every year to the eastern seaboard cities to purchase stocks of goods had made him well known in many parts of the East, and brought him many friends. Among them was Henry Clay, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship unbroken until the death of Mr. Clay.

Public and Political Activities.

In 1836 my father was elected to the Legislature as a Whig, although Madison County was heavily Democratic. Among his fellow members were many who afterwards became prominent in national affairs,—Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, James Shields, Edward A. Baker and others. The session of 1836 was a most important one, as many measures were passed for the development of the state by a system of public works. Among these was the Illinois and Michigan Canal from Chicago to Joliet. The site of the city of Chicago was laid out at this time. Here my father made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, and a friendship was formed which continued until the death of Lincoln. The Great Western Railroad, now the Wabash, from

Jacksonville to the Indiana state line, the Illinois Central Railroad, and many others were projected. As chairman of the committee by which these measures were reported, my father was the champion of the bills in the Legislature, and his optimistic views, brilliant speeches, and constant hard work carried them through to a successful end.

A Board of Public Works was provided to carry out these measures, and, although the Legislature was largely Democratic, he was chosen President of the Board. He was the only Whig on the Board, and many of the contracts for the construction of these canals and railroads were made under his direction; in fact, it may be said that all the present greatness of the state dates from the period when my father took an active part in the politics of that commonwealth.

The great financial panic of 1837 and 1838, which swept the entire country, carried my father down by reason of the failures of many who were indebted to him, as he had given personal security to many of his friends. He paid every indebtedness of his own and an \$85,000.00 security debt of others, but his entire fortune was absorbed in this way, and he was compelled to give up business. His entire efforts were then given to his duties as President of the Board of Public Works.

In the fall of 1838 my father was made candidate of the Whig party for Congress in the Southern Illinois District. This district had always been overwhelmingly Democratic, having given over ten thou-

sand Democratic majority two years earlier. His opponent was Governor John Reynolds, one of the most popular men in the state, yet my father was beaten by only thirteen hundred majority, and carried some counties in which before no Whig vote had ever been cast.

During the "hard-cider" campaign in 1840, being then one of the most popular Whigs in Illinois, and one of the best speakers, my father took a prominent part in the Harrison presidential campaign, made many speeches, not only in Illinois, but in Missouri, Indiana and Ohio, and in company with Mr. Clay toured Kentucky and Tennessee with great success.

After the Harrison presidential campaign my father received personal congratulations from General Harrison, Henry Clay and many others. I have had many of those letters in my hand, but they were never given me.

President Harrison appointed my father United States Land Commissioner of the State of Illinois, with office at Dixon, Illinois. He held that office from 1841 to 1844.

In 1842 my father was appointed Registrar of the Land Office for Northern Illinois, and during that time lived in Dixon. (I have in my possession a letter written me, after my dear father's death, by a beloved cousin, Mrs. Julia Prickett, of Edwardsville, Illinois, who was visiting in my father's home in Dixon. She wrote: "That was the happiest time of my life. Ah, those happy evenings when the

family would gather around the fireside in the living room, dear Uncle Hogan in his green pea-jacket, reading to the charmed listeners around him. His musical voice, which never seemed to grow weary or husky, is in my ears today. I still treasure in memory a wise thought and prophecy from dear Uncle Hogan's lips on those happy evenings. But I dare not trust myself further. How I miss those dear ones!")

In 1845 his party friends demanded that he should again make the race for Congress, which because of his great popularity would unquestionably have been successful, but my mother was in such delicate health that he would not leave her. My father removed to Belleville and there, in her father's house, May 1, 1845, my mother passed away. Her brother, Benjamin West, paid her this glowing tribute, many years later:

"Belleville, Ill., January 23, 1887.

"MY DEAR SOPHIE:

"As we grow in years, our thoughts go back to the days of childhood and youth. Those we knew and loved seem to come before us as realities.

"Of late I have thought so often and so much of my beloved sister Mary, your sainted mother, with whom my childhood and youth was spent. Allow me, with tender regard for your feelings, and hallowed memory for my sister, to recall some reflections on years that have passed.

"There lived in Virginia, near the foothills of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, in what was

considered a rich valley, a family whose parents had emigrated from Maryland.

“It was a happy family; well-to-do planters settled in that valley,—churches, schools,—a refined community. The staples, wheat, tobacco, fine fruits. The planters owned large numbers of slaves to cultivate the fields, and domestics to perform household duties.

“There was born in that household, January 23, 1809, a daughter, fair complexion, blue eyes, the parents thought a lovely child. The fourth daughter, they named her Mary Mitchell. She grew with the years more lovely in the eyes of parents, brothers and sisters, was the favorite in the family, especially with the writer. How I loved my sister Mary, always kind, loving, never an unkind word, or look—to myself, as I remember, she was, as we thought, born good.

“Often she would go with me on the mountain slopes to gather huckleberries, chestnuts, and early in the morning to go to the fish-traps our father had on a beautiful mountain stream running through his meadow, down to the spring, get our fish, up the hill to the house, our mother waiting to meet us with a smile and beauty but few mothers possessed. Sister Mary grew more and more lovely. Early in life she embraced religion, a devout Christian. It seemed but natural for sister Mary to be good, as we children thought.

“But a change took place in this family. Our father, with growing family, had a number of slaves;—the laws of the state prohibiting their emancipa-

tion, he resolved to go to the then far West to liberate them, the neighbors objecting to his removal. But he prepared his household, his carriages, large wagons, his six-horse teams; a general packing up; and in September, 1818, he started, slaves and all, off for the unknown West. No railroads, no steam tracks then, some six or seven weeks on the road. We reached Illinois and located in Shiloh Valley, a few miles east of Belleville.

“With us it was a wonderful change. Leaving our pleasant home with all its appointments in Virginia, coming to this wild unsettled country, but few people, no churches, no school-houses. But soon my father, and the relatives who had come with him from Virginia, commenced building both.

“My father had told his negroes that in the state to which he was going they would no longer be slaves, but free men, but he wanted them to promise him they would stay with him a year, help him build houses and open up farms; after that they could go where they pleased. This they agreed to do, and at the end of the year some moved away, but some stayed with him as long as they lived.

“He established on Shiloh Hill a large camp ground, built a log house on the camp ground, and regularly with his family would spend about ten days or more at camp meeting.

“How my sister Mary enjoyed those religious seasons, so calmly and quietly happy the spirit could scarcely remain in the body. The large camp fires encircling the tents, the shouts and songs of the

people almost shook the leaves off the tall forest trees on Shiloh Hill.

“Your father can give you a more interesting account than I can in this letter. He knew and will recollect the noble ministers of that day, such as Bishop Soule, Bishop McKendree, Bishop Roberts, Thompson, Dew, Cartwright, McAlester, Father Hale. Their names and services in the church yet live, they are now reaping their reward.

“Let me refer to one deeply interesting event, as fresh, as vivid, as if it occurred a month past. About October, 1827, we had heard of the ‘new boy preacher,’ so called, appointed to the circuit. He was to preach at Shiloh Sunday night. It was too far and dark for our parents to go. Sister Mary wished to go. Our cousin George Ripley had the horses saddled—he, sister Mary and myself started about dusk through the prairie, soon reached the tall oak forest skirting Shiloh Hill, reached the church after dark. The congregation were seated. We entered and took seats in the rear of the church. The preacher rose up in the pulpit, looked over the congregation, gave out the hymn, then such a prayer. He read the text; I remember it well,—Jeremiah, chapter 8, verse 22: ‘Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?’ The sermon was wonderfully impressive. Such a voice, such a smile and expression I had never seen. Both of us fell in love with the preacher then and there. I know I did, and it has not changed. I think I can say from that night, until this hour, I have never been in his presence but it was a joy to me.

"On the way home the new preacher was the theme of conversation. Sister Mary was the most reticent, but when she spoke it was with words more impressive than any of us could command.

"When I look at the photograph he had the kindness to send to your Aunt Louisa, I see so plainly the same expression, the face a little fallen,—but there is the smile, the eye, the soul. We love to look at it and highly prize it.

"My letter is too long; I must close. Thought alone can compass the thousand deeply interesting events which have occurred in the past sixty years. That first love matured in the union of those hearts. The wife, the mother, has gone. The angels came for her and took her home. The husband, the father, left to do more good in this world. It will not be long when he and myself will be called for. Oh, shall we meet the one we both loved so much? God grant that we may! Never while I live shall I forget his care for my sister while she lived, his unremitting attention and nursing during her last sickness.

"She now sweetly sleeps beside parents, grandparents, sisters, friends and relatives, and with a heart flooded with love, sweet remembrances of those who rest there, often do I visit that sacred family cemetery.

"Pardon the length of this letter. With highest regards and warm love to your honored father, your husband and your dear self,

"Most affectionately your fond Uncle,

"BENJAMIN J. WEST."

After this, my father removed to St. Louis and became a partner with my uncle in the wholesale grocery house of Edward J. Gay & Co. They were large importers of sugar and coffee, and had a branch house in New Orleans. Mr. Gay lived a great portion of the year on his large sugar plantation at Plaquemine, on the Mississippi River near New Orleans, and the greater part of the management of the St. Louis house devolved on my father. He soon acquired a prominent position among the business men of St. Louis, and his dealings, especially in sugar and coffee, were on a very large scale, at times even by entire ship-load.

His Second Marriage.

On the 18th of May, 1847, my father married Miss Harriet Garnier, the only child of Joseph V. Garnier and Marie Sanguinet, his wife, who was the granddaughter of August Condé, one of the first settlers of St. Louis, and surgeon of the French army garrison here. Mr. Garnier was a French Huguenot of noble family. He left France in the early days of the French Revolution, in 1791, and landed on the island of Santo Domingo. Soon after the negro insurrection broke out, he was rescued by his negro servant, and landed in New York City, where he remained some years. In 1804, with a party of distinguished gentlemen, he came to St. Louis, where he reached a high position because of his family and of his fine education. At the organization of the Town of St. Louis, in 1809, he was one of the five

Incorporators, and was one of the first Vestrymen of Christ Church Cathedral. Both Grandma and Grandpa Garnier were beloved members of the family until their death, and they were ever a help and a blessing to all. Grandpa died in September, 1851, Grandma on February 3, 1885.

Dissension between the Sections.

My father had been a very active and prominent Whig, and was well known as such in the East, as well as in the West, but after the death of President Taylor, in 1850, the questions of slavery and "states' rights" became the leading issue, and the Whig party, which had become very strong in the Southern states, lost many of its members there, who joined the Democratic party on that issue, the Northern Whigs going largely into the Free Soil movement, although for a time many of them became "Know Nothings." My father, as a citizen of Missouri, a slave state, with large business interest in the Southern cities, himself a slave-owner, was naturally carried into the Democratic party, in which he very quickly became prominent. As he had always retained a very active position in the Methodist Church, it was natural that he should become prominent in the discussions which soon divided that body, in 1844. He was a delegate to the General Conference of 1848, at which the division of the Church was agreed upon, and was a member of the committee which arranged the details.

The St. Louis Conference being assigned to the

Southern Church, as a local preacher he became and continued until his death a Southern Methodist, and he became very well and very favorably known throughout the entire Church. He was one of the Board which located the Southern Methodist Publishing House at Nashville, Tennessee, taking a very active interest in its welfare.

The great fire in St. Louis was in May, 1849. He with many others saw, at that conflagration, the labor of years go up in flames. My father worked all night, and from that exertion he suffered a severe shock to his nervous system from which he never recovered. In 1850, owing to his failing health, he abandoned all active business. My father built a residence on Grand Avenue, at the head of Morgan Street, which was then quite in the country. He really laid out and planned Grand Avenue, wanted it a hundred feet wide, and was willing to give the strip to the city the entire length of his ground in order to have this a "grand boulevard" one hundred feet wide, from the north end of the city to the south. Opposition developed, and an eighty-foot width was decided upon.

In 1853 my father became Vice-President of the Missouri State Insurance Company, of which his lifelong friend, Stephen M. Edgell, was President.

In 1854 he organized the first savings bank in St. Louis, the "Dollar Savings Bank," of which he was President. He was very active in the management of both of these institutions, giving much of his time to them for several years. My father's life in St.

Louis and his connection with men of all classes and temperaments was such that he very quickly made friends everywhere. With a most genial disposition, with a wide knowledge of almost all subjects, with a natural wit and humor, with his intimate experience in public life and public speaking since almost his boyhood days, it was only natural that he should become sought after as a companion, adviser and leader.

My father had early taken an intense interest in the development of St. Louis, which he had first visited in 1827, and had seen it grow from a small frontier town to a great metropolis teeming with business life. His retirement from active business had given him greater opportunities for watching the conditions of this active growth, and he soon became a leader in every branch of commercial activity. First in these was the railroads, in which he took the utmost interest. In securing the passage of legislation authorizing their incorporation, and in obtaining the issues of bonds by the state as well as the city and counties, he freely gave his time and his abilities, being constantly an attendant at the legislative sessions, engaged in speaking tours throughout the state to arouse public interest in these works, and when that end was obtained he made, several times, the long trip to the Eastern cities to aid in negotiating the securities.

Civic Work with his Pen.

In 1853 and 1854, with the great tide of immigration which had set in from Ireland on account of the

failure of the potato crop, and from Germany because of revolutions, St. Louis was quickly becoming a great city. Hitherto it had been noted almost solely as a trading city, supplying a market for the great western area reached by its steamboats. But this immigration of intelligent foreigners, accustomed to hard labor, quickly changed the destiny of the city, and it was soon to become widely known for its manufactured products. So quickly was this change taking place that few even of its best-informed citizens could follow its growth, and away from the city it was almost unknown. What was needed was that an intelligent, well-informed man, with optimistic and far-reaching views of the future, should so set forth the wonderful opportunities of St. Louis that all the world might know the advantages it offered. My father was found to be that man. Just as fifteen years earlier his far-sighted plans in the Illinois Legislature and the Board of Public Works had laid the foundation for Chicago as one of the great cities of the world, now his brain and his pen championed St. Louis.

In the summer of 1853 he began preparing a series of articles setting forth the natural advantages of St. Louis, its business development, the great and rapid growth of its manufactures; the magnitude of its public enterprises of every class, municipal, religious, educational, and social, giving opportunities found usually only in much older communities; and the great future being opened up by its railways, which were rapidly bringing into reach vast tracts

of the finest agricultural lands that could be purchased from the Government at almost a nominal price. These articles were published weekly in the *Missouri Republican*, then the leading newspaper of the Western states, and from the start they attracted wide attention. To the great majority of St. Louisans they were a revelation, for very few even of the well-informed citizens knew what a metropolis the city had become.

As the weeks passed by there was an insistent demand for their continuance, and so for over a year he continued to give much of his time to seeking and preparing the facts, and writing these weekly articles. This was continued until the early part of 1854, when he brought them to a conclusion, though wide demands for their continuance were made. So popular had they become, and so universal was the feeling that they should be made widely known, that subscriptions were quickly made which provided for their publication in book form, finely illustrated, and they were sent to all parts of the United States and to Europe, where they were translated into several foreign languages. The circulation was especially large in Germany, and it resulted in a great continuous German emigration to St. Louis, so great that at the commencement of the "War between the States" almost one-third of the population of St. Louis was of German birth or parentage. Several editions were required for this purpose, and over fifty thousand copies were distributed. The writer has seen copies of this book, "Thoughts about St.

Louis," in five large eastern public libraries. My father had no thought of these articles taking any lasting form, and they were written over his initials "J. H.;" but the public demanded his name. When it was known, a meeting of prominent citizens was held, in the Merchants' Exchange, and a vote of thanks was given him, accompanied by a beautiful set of solid silver, costing twenty-five hundred dollars. (The set of silver in its large mahogany box is still in the possession of the family).

As a first result of this civic work, in the municipal election of 1854 my father was nominated for Mayor by the Democratic party. Of his tremendous popularity among all classes there was no question whatever, but it was a year in which no man of alien birth could be elected to public office. It was the year of the "Know Nothings," a party whose platform was "America for Americans only," and that too when the immigration from Europe was so rapidly developing the entire land. He was defeated by a very small majority.

Activities in Many Fields.

In the early summer of 1855 the last spike was driven in the Ohio and Mississippi Railway at Vincennes, Indiana, and St. Louis was at last in full railway connection with the eastern seaboard and the Atlantic. The ceremonies at Vincennes were especially marked by my father's speech, for he had been one of the strongest friends of the road and had taken an active part in financing its construction needs.

In 1855 the erection of the first Jewish synagogue west of the Mississippi River took place at St. Louis, at Sixth and Cerré Streets. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone was performed by my father, and beyond any reasonable question it was the first, as it still is probably the only, occasion on which such a ceremony was performed by a Protestant minister. I am sorry that my father never wrote out any of his speeches, but I insert here a synopsis from a St. Louis newspaper.—

“The most beautiful commentary upon a free government is to see men from all climes, divided though they may be in their political sentiments, worshiping in their own temples, and according to their own peculiar religious forms.

“The ceremony incident to this occasion, the laying of the corner-stone of a temple now in course of erection by the Bnai-El Jewish congregation of this city, took place yesterday afternoon near the corner of Sixth and Cerré Streets, the site of the proposed edifice. At the appointed hour a large number had congregated to witness the exercises. Among them were the Mayor, Mr. King Scott of the Supreme Court, Mr. Hogan, and other distinguished citizens.

“Mr. Koenig, the architect, in a few remarks presented to our fellow-citizen, John Hogan, Esq., the trowel. Mr. Hogan then came forward and made one of the most chaste, eloquent, and appropriate speeches we have ever heard him deliver. At the risk of marring its many beauties, we will venture to give a synopsis, feeling, however, that our attempt

will fall short of its many excellences. It was as follows:

“‘Ladies and gentlemen, friends and fellow-citizens:—This is to me a most interesting occasion. I see before me a large audience. I have been placed under a variety of circumstances, have addressed various assemblies, but the scene before me begets emotions with which before I have never arisen to make a speech. I see before me a people without whose history the history of the world cannot be written—here are the descendants of the greatest man that ever lived, because the most faithful man, Abraham, “the friend of God.” The world, as has just been said, has now stood 5615 years. The history of Abraham runs therefore through the greatest portion of this time. He was born in the year of the world 2008. For over three thousand years, amid various vicissitudes, his descendants have filled their position in the world. In all this period they have had one faith—one object. The God of Abraham called him from Ur of the Chaldees, taught him His true character as the Builder of the Universe, the only true God, and his descendants to this day bear their testimony against all idolatry.

“‘They have been a peculiar people, they are so still. Wherever they have wandered, under all circumstances, they still testify their belief in the eternity, the self-existence, the benevolence, and unity of God the great Creator. Theirs is no fabulous history, and theirs is anterior to all history. Nations

have risen since then, and usurped a glory which alone belongs to them.

“ ‘It is said that polished Greece has given us letters, and that their Herodotus was the father of history. My friends, the Jews had a history before Greece emerged from barbarism. Moses, the meek, the learned, the heroic Moses, had written his inimitable history before Herodotus was born, yes, hundreds of years before; and while much of the history of Herodotus is myth and fable, that of Moses is light and truth and glorious reality; it is the substratum of all truth.

“ ‘All ages have admired, and all coming ages will revere and learn the history of Moses, and by millions he will be and is known, who will never hear of or read Herodotus. The Jews too had poetry, inimitable poetry, before Homer sung. The magic verse of Homer can never occupy the space in human memory that the songs of Israel’s sweetest singer and royal harpist, David, does. Wherever, under whatever circumstances, Abraham’s God is worshiped, the sweet notes of the royal lyre are attuned to praise and magnify the Lord.

“ ‘And who can read the majestic poetry of Isaiah without having his thoughts enlarged and elevated? How often have I read that beautiful book, and felt my heart swell and grow bigger as I have drunk in his glorious strains, as I have seemed to catch his inspiration, and heard or read his eloquent description of Him who hath “meted out heaven with the span, . . . and weighed the mountains in scales,

and the hills in a balance;" who "taketh up the isles as a very little thing;" and for whom "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering." (Isaiah, xl., 12, 15, 16).

"Before Alexander became famed in arms, the Jews had warriors mighty in battle and conquests, and Israel gave the world the greatest embodiment of wisdom it ever had, nor have the efforts of philosophy ever since produced another Solomon whose knowledge was so vast that all the world has drunk in wisdom from his lips and writings; whose proverbs to this day constitute a foundation for the investigation of the most learned.

"Sons of those sires, branches of this stock are here before me today, whose history, although thus illustrious, has been darkened by the bloodiest persecutions; yet they still live, they still survive the shock—but where are their oppressors? Where is Babylon? Where are those ancient nations that oppressed, abused, conquered and dispersed them?

"History tells of their existence, but where is their lineage? Who are their descendants? They have no living name. But the oppressed exist—they only survive the shock; children of Abraham still worship and call upon the God of Abraham. European nations have oppressed and banished them. Asia has raised their funeral pyres. Africa also has sought their destruction; yet still, in all these lands, they live, pressed down but not destroyed. Kings and rulers have in vain sought their overthrow. They

have quietly submitted, borne all, but still they preserve and look to Abraham's God.

“‘But there is a land where they are recognized as men, a land where the arm of the oppressor cannot be raised against them, or any other human being, because of his religious opinion; a land whose broad and beautiful banner is gloriously bespangled with stars and stripes, and as its folds are developed by heaven's breeze, proclaims to all men, “Here you may worship God under your own vine and fig tree, according to the dictates of your own conscience, and none dare molest or make you afraid.”’

“‘And today, under the protection of this glorious banner, beneath this beautiful sky, on the west bank of the Mississippi, we all assemble,—Protestant and Catholic, Jews and Gentiles,—to lay this corner-stone of a temple for the sons of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. What a spectacle here is! What a commentary on our institutions, on the Constitution under which we all live and enjoy this freedom, declaring, “There shall be no religious test.” Here in this great city, where for “weal or woe” we are all united, where are our wives, and our children, and all we love best of earth, thus to assemble unitedly, peaceably, without regard to nationality, in performing this interesting ceremony, as kindred, as fellow-citizens, without strife or contention. Thus may it ever be. Oh, may we all, and always, have such exhibitions in our midst, and thus all of us have a practical and luminous illustration of one of those inimitable Psalms of your David, and my David,

found in your version as the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like . . . the dew of Hermon." "It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments," filling all around with fragrance. This unity is to build us up, and cause us as a people to prosper. This is to be our strength, especially if combined with the great object for which this temple is to be built—the worship of the God of Abraham. This is the duty of all, should be the glory of all, and honest attention to this will assuredly elevate us and make us a people who shall be the glory of the whole earth.' "

"The address of Mr. Hogan was listened to with marked attention, and impressed each heart by its sincerity and genuine eloquence.

"Dr. Illoway delivered a short address in German, at the conclusion of which the corner-stone was lowered and fixed permanently upon its place. Mr. Hogan then, with a beautiful silver trowel upon which was an appropriate inscription, performed the last offices by sealing its base with mortar, and after a few remarks by him, those great emblems of the mechanic arts, viz., the plumb, the square, and the level, were applied by Mr. Koenig, who then pronounced the work finished. A prayer was read, and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Illoway."

The silver trowel with which Mr. Hogan laid this

corner-stone was presented to him, and is now the property of Lawrence Boogher, his grandson. It bears the following inscription:

Presented to JOHN HOGAN

In consideration of the Laying of the Corner Stone
of the Temple of the Bnai-El Congregation,
April 16th Nissen 30th 5615, 1855.

His Life is Spared.

In the fall of 1855 the Missouri Pacific Railway was completed from St. Louis to Jefferson City, the state capital. It was marked by an excursion on which the leading citizens of St. Louis were being taken by special train to Jefferson City. For several days previous there had been heavy rains which had weakened the piers of the bridge over the Gasconade River. As a result, the first span of the bridge gave way; then occurred "that terrible Gasconade disaster, November 1, 1855." In this special excursion were fourteen coaches, bearing the Mayor of St. Louis, the City Council, a delegation of clergymen, men prominent in the life of the city and state. There were also two companies of infantry. Elaborate ceremonies had been arranged for the evening in Jefferson City. Thirteen coaches fell thirty feet; twenty-eight persons were killed and over thirty were injured.

My father, who was to have been the orator of the evening at Jefferson City, was sitting in the third car, talking with Dr. Bullard, pastor of the First

Presbyterian Church; Dr. Teasdale, pastor of the Third Baptist Church, and another minister, whose name I have forgotten, all of St. Louis. These three ministers were killed. My father was caught in the wreck, but no bones were broken, though a slight injury to one of his knees compelled him to use a cane for some weeks. How miraculous his escape from death! For several days after this terrible accident, there was a continual passage through the streets of St. Louis of funerals of its most honored leaders.

Strenuous Political Work.

In 1856 my father delivered a famous speech at Springfield, Illinois, and hosts of old-line Whigs followed him into the Democratic party. Although he split with Mr. Lincoln in politics, they continued warm personal friends until Mr. Lincoln's death.

The contest for Governor of Missouri in 1856 was an extremely exciting one. The state had always been strongly Whig in politics, but the question of slavery and the "Missouri Compromise" had greatly weakened the Whig party. In 1856 the Republican anti-slavery or Free Soil party, by its nomination of General Fremont for President, had brought that issue to the very front. In Missouri, a slave state but with a large foreign and Eastern element, the Democrats saw their opportunity for victory. Their candidate for Governor on an anti-free-soil issue was Trusten Polk, with James

Buchanan as the nominee for President. Mr. Polk was one of my father's most intimate personal friends, both of them members of Centenary Methodist Church, and their families extremely intimate. This combined to call forth my father's every energy in Mr. Polk's behalf, together with the fact that my father had been a delegate to the Baltimore Democratic convention at which Mr. Buchanan had been nominated for President. So my father took the leading part in the state canvass, giving his time to it and making speeches in every county in the state. This was no easy task, for at that time very few counties were accessible by steamboat or railway, and hotels were almost unknown. Much of this distance was traveled on horseback. Largely as the result of this thorough canvass, Mr. Polk was elected Governor. At the meeting of the Legislature in January, 1857, Governor Polk was chosen as Senator.

Appointment to Office.

President Buchanan appointed my father Postmaster at St. Louis. He held the office from 1857 to 1861, and his administration of the position was most successful. On taking charge, he delivered an address to the clerks and other employees, part of which follows:

“Gentlemen: I have been placed in charge of this department of the public service by the President of the United States, and I embrace this early oppor-

tunity of having a general interview with all who are employed in this office.

“The Post Office is indeed an office for the public. Almost everybody has more or less business with it, and all who are employed here should make it their special duty and care faithfully, efficiently and at the same time pleasantly to serve the public in the relation in which they are placed. I wish in the outset to relieve any anxiety that any of you may feel on the subject of your positions, and I do so by stating it is not my purpose at this time to make any changes, nor to supersede anyone now employed.

“But while making this statement, permit me to say that I have heard much outside complaint of a want of proper attention to the people. I know your position is complex, that many and often irrelevant and apparently foolish questions are asked of persons situated as you are; but in my opinion nothing can justify any other than a polite and pleasant answer, even if you are unable to answer the inquiry propounded. Hence, courteous treatment of the public I regard as one of the cardinal virtues of a public officer, and its absence sufficient ground for his removal.

“In this connection I wish to say that our public duties here require all our sense and industry, fully to discharge them—hence the necessity of strict sobriety. No one, at least during the hours in which he may be employed here, will indulge in any intoxicating drink, lest he may not be fully able to discharge his duty to the public. I speak of this matter,

not because of any complaints on this subject, or any knowledge of the existence of the evil, but in the way of caution.

“I thank you for your attention and feel sure that I will have the hearty coöperation of each employee.”

With the support of Senator Polk my father obtained an appropriation for a large Government building at Third and Olive Streets, and so well was the work thereon accelerated that in 1859 the building was completed and occupied as the Post Office. I have in my possession a letter written by an employee in the office at that time, containing these words: “During the early part of the ‘War between the States’ Mr. Hogan received a letter from the Postmaster General at Washington, urging that no money be paid to the employees of the office until further notice, as the Government was short of funds, and no appropriation could be made. Mr. Hogan knew that these men had families depending on them, and that they needed their salaries, which at that time were not very large, and that they must be paid as usual. Our dear friend advanced the necessary funds from his private account, and paid his men. He was finally reimbursed by the Government, but after a long delay. For this act he was given the sobriquet of ‘Honest John Hogan.’ ”

Upon the inauguration of President Lincoln, my father’s service as Postmaster terminated. The clerks in the office, wishing to show their regard, presented

him with a beautiful gold-headed ebony cane, now in the possession of one of my sons, and bearing the following inscription:

Token of Esteem
From the Clerks
to
JOHN HOGAN, Esquire
Postmaster
St. Louis, April 20th, 1861

The Family Reunited.

I well remember that while my father was holding the office of Postmaster at St. Louis, by appointment of President Buchanan, he came home one evening looking unusually pleased and happy. He had very often deplored the fact that he had no living relatives,—felt that he was all alone in the world. But that day he had received a letter addressed to the Postmaster at St. Louis, and from Hamilton, Canada. The writer signed his name “Thomas Hogan.” The letter contained some history of the Hogan family in the Town of Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, my father’s birthplace. A reply to the letter was soon sent, in which my father also asked a number of questions. These, in return, were soon answered, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt in my father’s mind that the man writing from Canada must be the half-brother from whom he had been separated for so many years—fifty years. An invitation to visit us was soon sent and accepted. Uncle Thomas came, and received a joyous welcome. We

were all delighted with him, the tall, handsome officer of the British army, who had traveled all over the world, and who could tell of all he had seen and heard in such an engaging manner.

As he told us of his life, which had been an eventful one, we listened with interest. The grandparents, with whom he and his sister had been left, had kept alive in the minds and hearts of these children the fact that their mother, father and older brother had emigrated to America, but these grandparents had died while the children were still young. Uncle Thomas went into the British army, and during the years in service had several times been promoted. Uncle Thomas never had a reprimand from his superior officers.

He was in the First Battalion, Nineteenth Regiment, which was ordered to Canada, and while there he met a Miss Day, whom he married. They had several children; and, wishing to have a settled home and be where he could educate his children, he had asked for a discharge from the army. On his departure, the officers and men of his regiment, wishing to show their high esteem, presented him with a handsome silver goblet and other testimonials.

Uncle Thomas gave us the joyful news that during all these years he had always kept in close touch with the little sister who had also been left in Ireland. My father was overjoyed at this, and how eagerly we all listened as he told us of her, our new Aunt Mary. He said that soon after the death of her grandparents she had married a young man, a

Mr. Sheehan, the only child of very well-to-do parents living near the home of her grandparents, but while she was still under twenty years of age was left a widow. A few years before her brother's regiment had been ordered to Canada, his sister, in company with friends, had come to America and settled in New York City, and after a few years she had married a Mr. Wm. Plummer, a gentleman of means, but considerably older than herself. She had visited Uncle Thomas and his family in Canada several times.

How it grieved my father to think that as often as he had been in New York City he did not know his only sister was living there. So a letter was soon sent to our Aunt Mary, telling her of her newly-found brother and his family, and urging her to visit us, as she soon did. We were all delighted with her. My father's heart overflowed with joy; he really could not do enough for them, this newly-found brother and sister. Ma and Grandma were lovely to them; my brothers and myself loved them.

(Did it not seem miraculous that after the lapse of nearly fifty years those three should be reunited? To think that a St. Louis newspaper should have fallen into Uncle Thomas's hand, away off there in Hamilton, Canada, and that he had seen the name of "John Hogan," Postmaster of St. Louis, and had ventured to write him, asking information of this brother, whom he probably did not remember having ever seen. And to think the letter should have been addressed to this brother!)

My father soon brought Uncle Thomas and his family to St. Louis. He went into business here, and seemed very happy, but he did not live very long after this family of two brothers and one sister were reunited after their long separation of fifty years. Uncle Thomas contracted pneumonia, and to our great sorrow passed away, in the latter part of December, 1865. He was buried in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis. Aunt Jane, his widow, remained here in St. Louis, reared her large family, and in the early morning of February 12, 1913, passed away after a long illness. She left two devoted daughters, several sons and two grandchildren. These are all beloved by each member of my father's family. Aunt Jane was buried in Bellefontaine Cemetery, in the lot belonging to Mrs. Mary Hogan Ludlum, her eldest daughter.

A letter written by my father to his sister, Mrs. Mary Plummer, when he found that she was still living and in this country, shows his family feeling:

“Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.

“March 7th, 1860.

“MY DEAR SISTER MARY:

“I can scarcely realize that I am writing to you. For over forty years, we have neither met, nor heard from each other—orphans, strangers, subjected to various vicissitudes, it seems almost yet a dream that we are brought to know that each exists, although so long *as dead*.

"I know not how suitably to adore the Providence that watched over us all, through the perils by land and sea of all those years and finally, through the intervention of Thomas, realized to me that you and he were still alive.

"When I was sixteen, having lost father, mother, step-mother and own sister, and hearing nothing and knowing nothing of either you or Thomas, whom I only realized I had left never to see or hear from more, I felt, I was alone in the world. From then until over 25 years old I knew no kindred. I would say 'there is not a drop of my blood flows in the veins of a living mortal'—how desolate the thought!

"Dear Sister, I wish so much to see you. I have been often in New York since you have lived there. Once I was there for a month or more. Oh, could I have known you were there—last June I spent several days at the St. Nicholas with my son and daughter, and to think you were living, as Thomas tells me, on Broome Street! We went on Sabbath morning to Church to Green Street M. E. Church, which is, I think, the nearest M. E. Church to your house, and Thomas says you attend Methodist Church. How strange all this is, yet we never heard of each other.

"But I want to see you and your husband, and I do hope you and he will visit us at least next month or May at farthest, and write me a long letter at once. I send you by the mail all I could obtain of a series of lectures which the Rev. E. M. Marvin, pastor of the Centenary M. E. Church, to which we

belong, has been delivering on Sabbath evenings. Some are lost. I will send others as published. I look for Thomas here this week, and we all want him to come to live.

“Farewell, my sister. All my family send their love and regards to you, your husband and family and expect to hear from you soon.

“Your affectionate brother,

“JOHN HOGAN.”

The Reverend Enoch Mather Marvin, afterward Bishop Marvin, mentioned in this letter, had been married to Harriet Brotherton Clark, at the home of her uncle, Lewellen Brown, near Bridgeton, St. Louis County, on September 23, 1845, the Reverend John Hogan officiating.

Dear Aunt Mary lived many years after the reunion of the family. She made many extended visits here in St. Louis. And we in turn made many visits to her in her lovely home in Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. Plummer, her husband, died in 1889; and greatly to our delight she wrote us she was breaking up her home in Brooklyn, was coming here to St. Louis, and would make her home with me. This she did. The loving companionship existing between her and my father was beautiful, for they were so congenial, seemed to have so much in common and wanted to make up for their long separation. But Aunt Mary was delicate, had suffered for years with stomach trouble, and, to our great grief, on the 24th

day of April, 1890, she passed away. My husband carried her back to Brooklyn, where she was laid to rest in her own beautiful lot in Cypress Hills Cemetery. This second separation was a deep grief to my father. But it was not a long one.

In 1858, in company with a number of prominent merchants, my father organized the St. Louis Mutual Life Insurance Company, of which he was the largest stockholder and leading director during its entire existence.

In company with his long-time friend, Mr. Leeds, he purchased, south of Arcadia, in Iron County, Missouri, a large tract of land on the line projected for the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway, which at that time was in operation only to Ironton. This tract covered some five thousand acres, was very hilly and heavily wooded, and was believed to include very large deposits of iron.

During these busy years he found time to do much writing. One of his works was devoted to the cotton-growing interests of the South and their future development, and was published in 1859. Time has now shown that all the predictions he then made as to the great importance to the development of the entire country of the growth of the southern cotton crop have been far more than proven correct. He also wrote a series of papers on the "Agricultural and Mineral Resources of Missouri," 1858, and a history of the Methodist Church in the West, 1860, which was especially interesting, as he knew personally the pioneer founders of his time.

Rewards of Unselfish Service.

He had become the best-known man in St. Louis, if not, indeed, in Missouri. He was known and respected everywhere, and was called by all classes "Honest John Hogan." He was at this time a man of very fine presence, and impressed immediately all who met him.

As an extemporaneous orator, speaking without a moment's notice or hesitation on any occasion, upon any subject, his equal was seldom found. He could quickly interest any audience, no matter how cold or hostile to him at the start. When he was speaking once in Connecticut, a man in the crowd called out, "We do not want to listen to any college graduate here;" and quick as a flash came his reply, "Well, you'll have to, for I studied at Lapstone College for eight years and got my degree as a Master of Cobblers!" He at once had the applause and support of every hearer.

He possessed a wonderful memory, which was a great help to him. He was ready at any time, if one or two verses were read to him from any part of the New Testament, at once to recite the remainder of the chapter. He was a voluminous reader on all subjects, seemingly never forgetting anything he had read. Not having had the advantage of an extended education, he was often asked how he had obtained such a vast fund of knowledge, and of such a general character. It certainly could be said of him that he had "transferred his encyclopedia from his bookshelves to his head and took it about with him."

The Shadow of Civil War.

In the summer of 1860 my father was a delegate from Missouri to the National Democratic convention at Charleston, South Carolina, in which a division of the party occurred, resulting in the election of Mr. Lincoln. In the canvass which followed the party division my father was a supporter of Stephen A. Douglas, and made many speeches for him—Missouri being one of the few states to give him electoral votes.

No other city or state was so directly affected by the opening of the "War between the States," in 1861, nor to such a degree, as St. Louis and Missouri. The people of the state were about equally divided between the Union and Confederate sides, as was shown by the fact that Missouri had about 150,000 soldiers in each army; and it was also a fact that more of its citizens were thus engaged in the war than those of any other state outside of the South.

Of the American and French population of St. Louis, fully half were sympathizers with the Southern cause, while the larger element, of Eastern birth or descent, and the entire German population, were strongly Union. The large bodies of Union troops continually going to the front or in garrison kept St. Louis fully under control, but a large number of the more prominent American element were at heart in sympathy with the Southern cause.

Prior to the war by far the largest part of the

commerce of St. Louis was with the Southern states. The war at once ended all this, together with much of its trade with Missouri itself and with the upper Missouri River. Its manufactures were also largely brought to an end, both by scarcity of workmen and inability to transport their products, except for the factories producing army supplies, whose output was greatly increased. Under the circumstances, my father found many difficulties facing him. His income was much affected, as the rents of his property were seriously decreased:

Tact in Difficult Situations.

Many of his most intimate friends, such as Senator Polk, Bishop E. M. Marvin, Collector of Customs Donovan, John Kennard and several others had gone south. As he was himself a slave-holder and had been a prominent Democrat, his sympathies were naturally with the South. Yet many of his most intimate friends and business associates were men of Eastern birth and prominent Union leaders. Edward Bates, Attorney-General under President Lincoln; Hamilton Gamble, War Governor of Missouri; General Clinton B. Fisk, General John Schofield, General Frank P. Blair, Samuel Glover and others were not only friends through business association but because of social intimacy. Particularly so were Governor Thomas Fletcher, and the members of the Dent family, of whom General Grant was one by marriage. Yet, notwithstanding the bitterness which the war naturally intensified between the two widely sepa-

rated elements in St. Louis, a bitterness even unknown between the political partisans in the Northern cities, my father's wonderful power of attracting and holding friends never failed.

Many examples of this are remembered, but two instances will more fully illustrate it. His residence, during the early part of the war, as has been stated, was on the outskirts of the city, on Grand Avenue. The grounds were large, with fine vegetable gardens and large fruit orchards. In the rear of the house stood a very large barn and other out-buildings. One day early in the war, a regiment of German troops were marching along Grand Avenue, exercising. Just as they reached a point in front of my father's house, a very heavy shower came up. Immediately my father went out, and, accosting the Colonel, invited his command to come in under shelter. The invitation was quickly and gladly accepted, the soldiers filling the barn, while the officers were entertained in the house. Milk and fruit were passed around and all were made welcome. The Colonel had previously known my father by reputation, as had most of his men, but thereafter all were his friends.

During the "War between the States" my father's home was on Grand Avenue, facing east. His ground extended from Morgan Street at the north to Delmar Avenue on the south, and from a point near Thirty-fourth Street at the east as far west as Sarah Street. Here let me tell you how the name of Delmar Avenue originated. My father's friend, Mr. Trusten Polk, owning ground from Delmar south and having

come from Delaware, and my father from Maryland, together they opened the street through their ground and gave the street to the city, calling it "Delmar,"—"Del" for Delaware and "Mar" for Maryland.

In this connection, a letter published in the local press, in 1918, under the heading "Honest John Hogan," is of pertinent interest:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE POST-DISPATCH:

"On May 13, 1858, just 60 years ago, I landed in the city of St. Louis. The Ohio & Mississippi Railroad was just completed.

"At that time one of the most distinguished men of the State of Missouri lived on the corner of what is now Grand and Von Versen Avenues. He owned a large tract of land, from 600 feet east of Grand Avenue to what is now Sarah Street. He was instrumental in the laying out of Grand Avenue from the river on the north to the river on the south; he wanted the avenue 100 feet wide, but this was opposed and it was made 80 feet wide.

"This same gentleman was Postmaster of St. Louis from 1857 to 1861. He also became a member of Congress at the election in November, 1864. This same gentleman succeeded in getting an appropriation of \$14,000,000.00 to improve the rapids at Keokuk, Iowa, while in Congress. He laid in St. Louis the corner-stone of the first Jewish temple built west of the Mississippi River. A library which he presented to the public schools is named for him.

"He gave the street from Grand Avenue to Sarah

through his property, also half of Delmar, also Vandeventer and Sarah Street. Some years later he sold 25 acres to J. E. Kaime, and when the city wanted to improve this street, he, Kaime, claimed it as his, so the gentleman who had given it went down to the City Hall and made a deed of this whole street, about 4,000 feet in length, to the city without any compensation. This street was named for himself, and his name was John Hogan—called 'Honest John Hogan.'

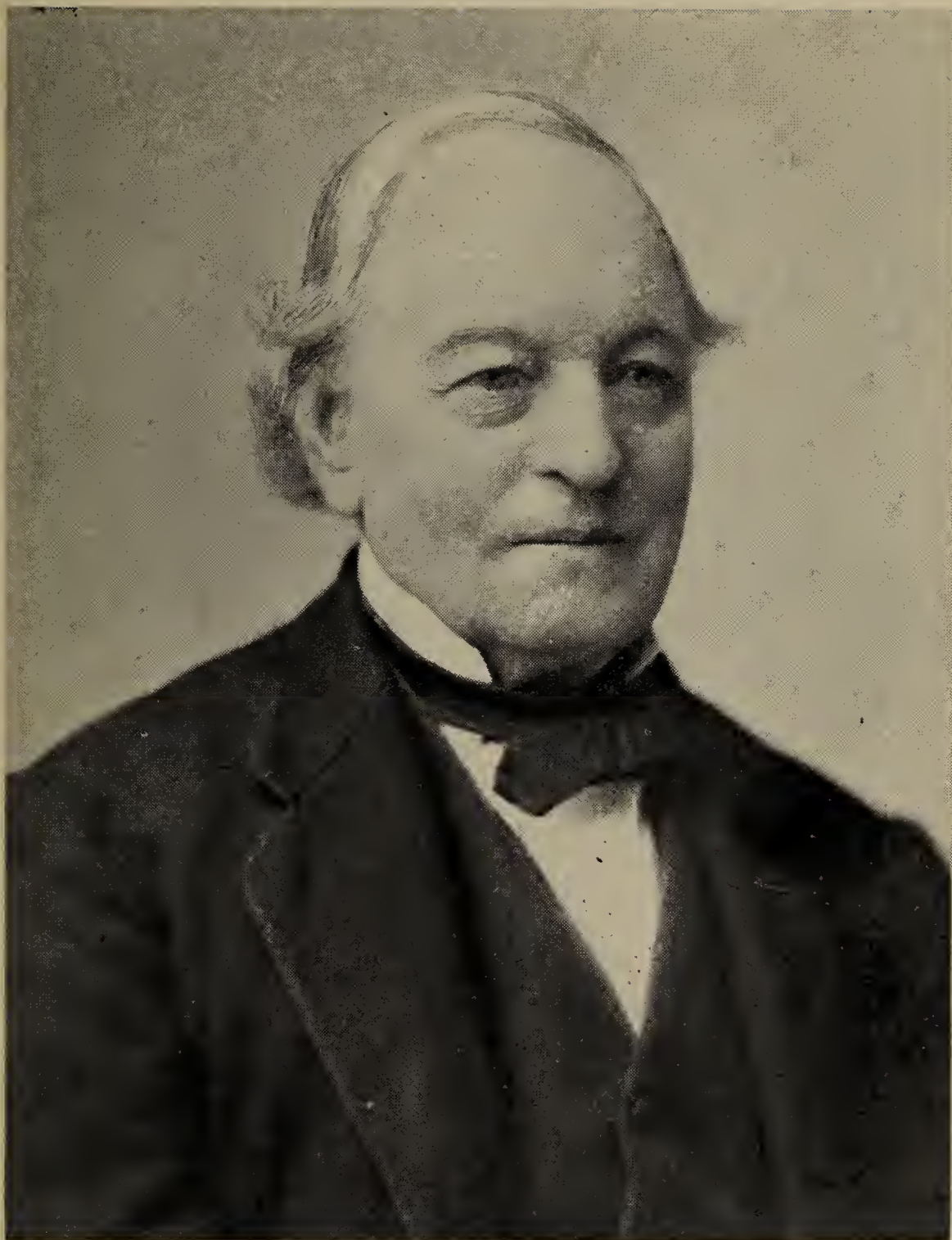
"Some years ago a City Council, not having the fear of God, or regard for man, changed the name of this street to Morgan Street. Recently this same Council changed Morgan to Von Versen, and now they want to make another change. Now, why don't they call it Hogan Avenue? It never should have been changed.

"John Hogan was one of the great men of Missouri; he had no peer. I could mention many other things he did for St. Louis and our public schools, but this will suffice.

"SIMON L. BOGHER."

Friendship with Union Soldiers.

Just north of our home, with only my father's carriage driveway between, the Government in 1862 or 1863 built a large fort, fortified it with cannon at each corner, and stationed over a hundred soldiers there, besides officers. Rather formidable neighbors, we thought. But my father, equal to the occasion, as soon as the fort was fully garrisoned, walked over



J O H N H O G A N

1880

Photograph by Fox

there one morning and called on the officer in command. After some conversation, my father mentioned that we were near neighbors; that our large gardens were planted with every known vegetable, in greater abundance than we could use, and that our fruit trees, of every variety, were loaded with fruit, all of which he would be glad to share with the soldiers, if, once or twice a week, the officer would send a detail of his men over and gather them carefully. The offer was gladly accepted.

Before the summer was over their supply of drinking water was exhausted, but, as my father had three large cisterns on the place, they were allowed to get all they needed, my father stipulating that none be wasted. Whenever the United States were victorious and a battle won, the large cannon at each corner of the fort was fired, shattering window glass as far from us as Garrison Avenue, but the commanding officer would notify us that the guns were to be fired, and remind us to open all of our doors and windows, so we never had even a pane of glass broken.

They had a band of music at the fort, and quite a number of fine singers. Often they would come and compliment us with a serenade, and it certainly was greatly enjoyed. During the summer months some of the soldiers were often found working in our gardens, as perfectly at home as though living there. They were a complete protection for the residence and the family in those troublous times, for they kept a strict watch over all, by day as well as by night.

Long years after the war was over, my father would meet men on the streets who would stop him to tell him they had been in that fort, and had never forgotten his kindness to them. Had other methods been adopted by my father, I do not suppose our family and our negroes could have lived in such close proximity to that fort, garrisoned as it was with German troops, especially as it was known that my father, and his family, were Southern sympathizers. One of the captains of this fort, Hercules by name, who became prominent politically and later was Chief of Police, although a staunch Republican always supported my father whenever he was a candidate for any office.

He Calls Upon President Lincoln.

In 1862 the city of Nashville, Tennessee, was captured by the Union troops. The publishing house of the Southern Methodist Church was located there. Soon afterwards an order was issued by the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, to the General commanding at Nashville, to take possession of the publishing house and its equipment, valued at about a million dollars, and turn it over to Bishop Ames. As the great majority of the Southern Methodists were in the Southern army at that time, and those not within the lines of the Southern Confederacy were almost certainly anxious for its success, there seemed but little hope of preventing its loss. But my father, as the representative of the St. Louis Conference, M. E. Church, South, went immediately

to Washington, saw President Lincoln personally, placed the entire situation before him, and, at the end of their conference, held in his possession a copy of Secretary Stanton's order with an endorsement on the back in President Lincoln's own handwriting and signed by him, setting aside the order and returning the publishing house to the officials of the Southern Methodist Church.

The close friendship between Mr. Lincoln and my father, which began in the old Whig days of 1835 and continued thereafter, was clearly shown in this transaction. Rev. T. M. Finney, in the "Life and Labors of Enoch Mather Marvin" (1881), makes this record of the occurrence:

"Bishop Ames, of the M. E. Church, was on his way from the southern to the northern boundary line of the jurisdiction of Southern Methodism to seize the churches of the great city of the West as he had already done with the churches of the great city of the South. His coming was anticipated, and an appeal was made to Caesar. It may not be generally known, but it is the fact that the seizure of the Centenary and First Churches in St. Louis was forestalled by Abraham Lincoln, in the same view, and on the same principles that President Johnson restored Carondelet and Felicity at New Orleans to their lawful owners and natural worshipers—natives to them by baptism and born of God at their altars.

"In regard to the interference of President Lincoln to put a stop to that business, the facts are well

authenticated, within the personal knowledge of living and reliable witnesses, who were actors in that history, and certified by documentary testimony. When the approach of Bishop Ames to St. Louis became known at Centenary Church, one of its members, the Honorable John Hogan, an old personal, though not a political, friend of Mr. Lincoln, was deputed to go to Washington City to claim at the hands of the Chief Magistrate the protection of the civil power against lawless churchism; in the right of citizenship, to security of property, and as churchmen, to unmolested worship of God at their altar places. The result of that mission was a suspension of the order, as to the churches in Missouri and Kentucky. Mr. Hogan brought back with him this supplemental order. . . It contains an approving endorsement on the back in the handwriting of Mr. Lincoln and over his well-known signature.

“The document is in evidence to a singular fact in both the religious and political history of this land and of the nineteenth century; as the name of the order imports, combining that of a Bishop of a Church and a Prime Minister of the State—a church measure of the Government and a Government measure of the church. It was so strange and so foreign both to the genius of a free country and to the charter of its liberties, and so repugnant to both Testaments of Religion, the spirit of charity in the New and the Decalogue of the Old—to the Gospel of Christ and the law of Moses—that Mr. Lincoln

could with difficulty be convinced that such an event as the Stanton-Ames Order had any existence. He would not and did not credit it till in the second interview with Mr. Hogan, after he had inquired and learned it from the archives of the War Department."

Throughout the entire war my father remained a steadfast Democrat, although to avow Democratic doctrines under such circumstances required most decided courage. Yet in his case it lost him no friends, even among his political adversaries, but it did result in his being fined five hundred dollars in 1863 as a Southern sympathizer.

In 1864 a peculiar situation had developed in Missouri politics. A split had taken place in the Republican party. A very strong element, following the lead of President Lincoln, in favor of a settlement of the Civil War by giving liberal terms of peace to the South, had, with the assistance of the State government, under Governor Gamble, secured control of the City Republican Committee. But a very large element, among whom were most of the Germans, who were very radical in their views of how this war should be ended, had taken a very independent stand. The division grew more open as the fall elections approached, and finally resulted in *two* conventions for the Republican congressional nomination. The liberal element nominated F. P. Blair, then in active service as Major General, as its candidate, while the radical element named Judge Samuel Knox.

He Wins a Seat in Congress.

The division seemed to afford a possibility for a Democratic sweep. As a matter of fact, for several years prior to the war St. Louis had given generally a Republican majority, largely because of its great German population. Moreover, a full Democratic vote could hardly be counted on in 1864, for very many of the former members of that party were then in the Southern army. From most points of view, the possibility of Democratic success, even with two Republican candidates in the field, seemed anything but bright. My father, who was unquestionably the most popular Democrat in St. Louis, was given the nomination.

The campaign was a very strongly contested one, and he had made many speeches. The result was a great surprise, for not only was he elected by a large plurality, but his vote was very little short of equaling the vote of both the other candidates. Most surprising of all was the heavy vote polled for him in the German wards in the northern and southern parts of the city. The election took place early in November, 1864. The reelection of Mr. Lincoln as President was by a very great majority, and the Republican majority in the House of Representatives was also very large. My father was the only Democratic congressman elected in any state west of the Mississippi River. This of itself made him very prominent in the caucus of his party.

Early in January, 1865, he went to Washington

for consultation with his fellow Democrats. While there he called on President Lincoln and was invited to accompany him on a visit to General Grant at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac at City Point, not far from Richmond. The trip was a most interesting one, renewing his acquaintance with General Grant and also enabling him to meet General L. H. Rousseau, an acquaintance of old, from Louisiana, who commanded a division of the Union army.

Lincoln's Kindly Spirit.

Just about the close of the war, my father, having been in Washington on business, went to the White House to bid the President good-bye, when the following incident occurred: Grasping my father's hand, the President said, "John, you are a Methodist." My father told him he was. "Well, then, you must know something about what an old-fashioned Methodist love-feast is;" and my father assured him he did, and that he had attended many a one. President Lincoln then replied, "John, the war is almost over, and has been won. My purpose all along, as you know, has been the preservation of the Union. Now, when all is over, I am going to invite Jeff Davis, General Robert Lee, and the other Confederate Generals to meet our Generals here in Washington. We will all shake hands and have a real Methodist love-feast"!

Upon my father's arrival here at home he went to my husband's store and related the President's

words. He felt sure that upon the ending of the war President Lincoln had turned his thoughts entirely to the rehabilitation of the South, without malice and with complete forgiveness. He felt sure the President understood, as the Southerners did, that slavery was bad, but that it must be slowly replaced. He also felt that the President had turned his thoughts entirely to amnesty, now that the burden of war was lifted. He had borne the sorrows of many; he was prematurely aged; but now he was joyfully looking forward to happy, peaceful days again. So the half-crazed John Wilkes Booth, by his shot, dealt the South the heaviest blow it had received.

President Lincoln had been for many years a friend of my father's, had shown his friendship in many acts of kindness in troublous times, so I have felt impelled to offer this tribute to his greatness in these, the well-known sentiments of my father, and with one of our poets say:

"Better than the minting of a gold-crowned King
Is the well-kept memory of some kindly thing."

More Public Work.

Under these circumstances the sad death of President Lincoln in April, 1865, was a very great shock to my father, for he feared Vice-President Johnson's course toward the Southern states would be disastrous to them. He planned to go to Washington early in the fall, prepared to take an active part in discussions in Congress on that subject. Taking with him his

family, he left St. Louis in June and traveled in a leisurely way through Canada, making long stops in Montreal and Quebec, where he met many prominent Canadian public men with whom he was afterward to become very intimate. In July the family were in the city of St. Paul. While there my father was invited to make a Fourth of July speech. He complied with the request, choosing his own favorite subject, "Nature's great highways, our rivers."

The next day, while he was out fishing on the lake, he saw a boat coming toward him. In it were twelve gentlemen from the St. Paul Board of Trade. As they came alongside his boat, they told him they came from that body, with the request that he repeat and enlarge on the speech he had made on the Fourth of July, and do this at his earliest convenience. This he agreed to do, so on July 8, 1865, before the Board of Trade, he spoke on "The wonderful resources, vast area, brilliant and great future of Nature's highways, our rivers." The speech electrified those who heard it. Meetings were called, urging the Government to improve the rivers. A vote of thanks from the Board of Trade was given my father for his valuable and entertaining remarks.

The family also visited the White Mountains, Boston and New York, reaching Baltimore in September, where he made a lengthy stay. In October they were in Washington. (John, my eldest brother, who was in business in St. Louis, and myself, who had a husband and a home to look after, had not accompanied our parents on this delightful trip).

Important Work in Congress.

At the organization of the House of Representatives in December, my father was placed on the Committee on Ways and Means, the most important of the House committees. Among his fellow members was Henry J. Raymond, editor, with whom he formed a friendship which lasted until Mr. Raymond's death. Wm. E. Dodge, of the great New York metal firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., by whom he was several times entertained in his New York home, was another member. Another one with whom he formed a close and lasting friendship was Abram Hewitt, a leading New York Democrat, the son-in-law of Peter Cooper, and later elected Mayor of New York.

My father was at the same time a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, also a member of the Committee on Congressional Library and Public Buildings, and others. In the sessions of the House his reputation as a speaker was quickly made, and he was ever listened to with close attention. His wonderful fund of information, and his ability to speak extemporaneously and correctly on many subjects in which a wide knowledge of statistics was required, gave great weight to his speeches. A wonderful example of his general knowledge was shown when in Congress he was pressing the passage of the bill for a reciprocity treaty with Canada. His speeches on that subject showed so wide and detailed a knowledge of every branch of the subject in all its

parts that at a dinner given to him by the Canadian delegation he was congratulated upon his great fund of information. He was usually one of the leaders of his party.

While in Congress, my father, with the aid of Representative Washburn of Illinois, secured from the Government an appropriation of fourteen million dollars for the improvement of the Mississippi River and the building of locks near the rapids at Keokuk. (He was invited to go up on the first boat that passed through the locks after completion. I was with him on that boat, and how pleased I was to see the honor that was paid him by Captain Davidson, the master of the boat, also his brother, Commodore Davidson, who was living in St. Paul, Minnesota, but who came down on a boat to meet us, bringing with him quite a party of distinguished gentlemen who were interested in this wonderful project).

While in Congress, my father was solicited to purchase stock in the "Crédit Mobilier" scheme. He asked of his solicitor, "Am I expected to vote on the question?" and, receiving an affirmative reply, he promptly refused to invest, while many less cautious colleagues invested, and thus dug their political graves.

(Although in public life for so many years, and in so many various positions, he was always firm and fearless in his religious convictions. His devotion to the church of his young manhood was sincere and thorough. For many years he had maintained the status of what in our church is called a "local

preacher," but he was ever ready to preach when called on, and even while in Congress, amid the countless public calls upon his time and strength he was ever ready when summoned, any Sabbath day, to fill the pulpit of the struggling M. E. Church, South, in Washington. Dr. W. V. Tudor, the pastor there, afterwards the pastor of Centenary Church in St. Louis, told me it was largely owing to my father's efforts and labor that we had a church in Washington City at that time).

After the War.

Although Andrew Johnson had been elected as Vice-President on the Republican ticket, and had succeeded to the presidency on the death of Mr. Lincoln, until the split in the Democratic party, which really began in 1856, he had always been a Democrat. Moreover, he was a Southerner by birth and all his lifelong associates were Southern men. When the question arose as to the manner of forming the new governments of the seceding states, his sympathies were naturally with the Southern white element. This quickly led to disputes with both the Senate and House of Representatives, and those disputes continued to the end of the Johnson administration. It was not strange, therefore, that President Johnson should turn to the Democrats in Congress for sympathy and support, especially as the most radical elements in the House were in full control.

Under these circumstances my father soon became one of the leading advisers of Mr. Johnson, and to

a great extent his spokesman in the House of Representatives. In the appointment of postmasters and other officials in the southwestern states, the selection was most generally based upon my father's recommendation, as was also generally the case even with many other very important positions. Then a vacancy occurred, in 1866, in the highest office in the Department of the Interior. President Johnson offered the position to Mr. Hogan, my father. But he was unwilling to accept the secretaryship, with the work which would be required, and on his recommendation his old friend, Lewis V. Bogy, of St. Louis, was appointed Secretary of the Interior, the first of the long line of St. Louisans to hold that position.

In 1865 my father devoted much time and effort to the passage of a reciprocity tariff with Canada, and largely through his efforts it finally became a law. His speeches in the House in its favor were many, and, although it was passed as a Republican measure, he was one of the leaders in its passage. He was also very prominent in the passage of the bill giving additional subsidy and land-grant to the Kansas Pacific Railway from Kansas City to Denver. He gave strong assistance to the bill giving similar grants to the Union Pacific Railway, then under construction, and so valuable were his efforts that he won the firm friendship of Oakes Ames of Boston, also a member of the House of Representatives and a leading director of that railway.

During the "War between the States," Colonel

Thomas A. Scott of Philadelphia had become Assistant Secretary of War. Prior to his appointment as such he had been an officer of the Pennsylvania Railway. At the close of the war he resigned his Government position and returned to the Pennsylvania Railway as Vice-President. My father had known him in the War Department. Colonel Scott planned the building of a railway from some point on the lower Mississippi River to the Pacific coast, to be assisted by the Government as the Union Pacific was. My father became greatly interested in the project, believing that it would result in great benefit to St. Louis. Largely by his strenuous efforts therefor, a bill was passed by Congress which gave large land-grants to the Texas and Pacific Railway, but no money subsidy. The passage of this bill made a very strong friendship between them which continued unbroken until the death of Colonel Scott.

Among the intimates of my father in Congress was James G. Blaine, who always spoke of him as the "witty Irishman from St. Louis." Another was Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, probably the most extreme radical in either the Senate or House of Representatives, but, strange to say, he and my father became very intimate.

Reconstruction Days.

At the close of the "War between the States" Missouri had passed into the control of the most radical element in the Republican party, one of the

leaders of which was Charles D. Drake of St. Louis. The Legislature elected in 1865 passed a law for a convention to draft a new state constitution. This convention reported a constitution, including, among other provisions, an election law giving entire control of the state elections to a registration board appointed by the Governor, and requiring every voter to be registered and take an oath prescribed. This board was given authority to refuse registration to any applicant it considered not a loyal citizen. Under such conditions, and with registration and election officers appointed by the Governor, the result of any election was practically decided in advance. The provisions of the constitution and the methods used in its enforcement by such officials were so revolting to the better elements of the people, that in a very few years a large portion of the Republican party refused longer to support the Drake Constitution, and as a result the Democrats regained control of the state government.

In the fall of 1866 my father was renominated for Congress by the Democrats. The final returns showed a majority against him of about one hundred votes, notwithstanding that the greatest frauds were perpetrated at the polls, and in refusing registration and votes to Democratic citizens.

Election Contest.

This election was contested, and the testimony showed the manner in which the results were changed by the Republican judges of election. Over

three hundred cases were found where prominent Democrats had voted for my father, but whose votes were counted for his opponent. But the Republican leaders in the House of Representatives refused to consider the evidence, as it would unseat a Republican member who might be needed in the bitter contest being fought by that party against President Johnson, and so my father was finally refused the seat to which he had been rightfully elected.

Real Estate Interests.

In 1866 my father and his partner, Mr. Leeds, sold a half interest in their large tract of land south of Arcadia to Thomas Allen, who built the extension of the Iron Mountain Railway through these lands, which afterward became known as the "Hogan Mountain property."

In connection with Governor Fletcher, General Madison Miller, George S. Foster and others, he became interested in a large tract of coal lands in Randolph County, Illinois, and in the construction of a railway to connect these lands with the Mississippi River at Chester, Illinois.

At the same time he also began the sale of some of his large land holdings in the western part of the city, disposing first of his former residence on Grand Avenue between Morgan Street and Delmar Avenue, and of the land on Morgan Street east of Grand Avenue. In 1867 he also sold a tract fronting some fifteen hundred feet on the north side of Delmar Avenue, extending to Vandeventer Avenue. In 1866

he purchased a very charming country home near the Natural Bridge Road, several miles west of the city, and removed his family there.

In 1867 much of his time was spent in the development of the iron property in which he was interested. He also disposed of a large tract of land on the north side of what has since been made Bell and Fairfax Avenues, extending with some few exceptions from the east side of Grand Avenue to Sarah Street. Most of the proceeds was invested in the construction of the railroad from Chester, Illinois, to the coal properties in Randolph County in which he was largely interested. Most of the summer and fall of 1867 was spent in Washington on the matter of his contested election, and also in working upon various matters in which the Kansas Pacific Railway and the Texas and Pacific Railway were interested. The entire winter also was spent in Washington, as his election contest was not finally passed upon until February, 1868.

Political Activity Ends.

With this failure in his contested election case, the active political life of my father reached its end. He never ceased his interest in public affairs, and his aid and advice were constantly sought, but he no longer gave his time to political campaigns or speech-making. However, he took the utmost interest in the improvement of navigation on the Mississippi River, and for a number of years he spent a large part of the winter attending the congressional sessions at

Washington, aiding the passage of legislation concerned with that matter and securing appropriations for that purpose.

He also attended many conventions seeking the improvement of the rivers, and was always a leading speaker on such occasions, as his knowledge of every detail connected with that subject was most complete. From New Orleans to St. Paul, from Kansas City to Cincinnati and Washington, he was constantly traveling; and it may be safely asserted that it was mainly his constant and forcefully intelligent efforts which secured the improvements that resulted from the legislation and appropriations passed by Congress for the Mississippi River.

Another Home.

In 1869 my father erected a beautiful residence at Grand and Morgan Streets, where he lived very comfortably for many years. He had sold a large tract of land on the south side of Morgan Street extending from Grand Avenue to Vandeventer Avenue, to obtain funds to carry out his plans for the improvement of the coal lands in Randolph County, Illinois. He had also borrowed a large amount of money on his great tract of land extending west of Vandeventer Avenue on both sides of Delmar Avenue.

The Jay Cooke failure in September, 1873, with the resulting failure which swept the entire country, was a terrible blow to my father. For many years he had been largely interested in the St. Louis

Mutual Life Insurance Company, as a director and its second largest stockholder. As a result of the panic, that company, the largest part of whose loans were in the Southern states, was driven into a receivership and was finally sold to another company.

The mortgages on his properties were all foreclosed, and, as there was at that time absolutely no market for vacant property, they were sold for less than the loans. In 1875 the coal properties in Randolph County also went into a receiver's hands and were lost entirely to the stockholders.

In 1874 he sold his home on Grand Avenue and removed to Arcadia, where the family remained for two years. In 1876 he returned to St. Louis, residing on Olive Street, near Garrison Avenue, his daughter living in the adjoining house. Here he lived a quiet life, interrupted only by his trips to Washington during the sessions of Congress and to various river improvement conventions.

My father's last important trip was to the celebration of the completion of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads near Ogden, Utah, in 1878, where he made the principal oration, a synopsis of which is still in our possession.

III. THE DECLINING YEARS.

In 1881, while spending a few weeks at Eureka Springs, in Arkansas, with his wife and daughter, he had a very severe attack of gastritis which continued for several weeks. But his fine constitution and good habits of life finally brought a complete recovery.

The first death in his family took place in July, 1883, when his second son, Thomas Garnier, who had charge of his various mining operations, died of consumption, brought on by exposure to severe weather.

In 1887, having sold his residence on Olive Street, my father removed to a home near Grand Avenue. Sunday morning, November 17, 1889, our dear mother, while kneeling at her regular morning prayer, was stricken with paralysis, and after ten days of helplessness passed peacefully away, thus ending forty-two years and six months of married life. Thenceforth my father's life was but a prayer and a hope of rejoining her.

The Official Board of Centenary Church greatly desired that my father should preach once more in the church, and on Sunday morning, August 30, 1891, he did so. His text was taken from the second chapter of Hebrews, verse 16. The sermon, not a long one, was listened to with interest; but toward the

close, a member of the Board, fearing for my father's strength, took one of the large pulpit chairs and seated him therein; and so he finished what proved to be his last sermon, seated on the rostrum of the church he loved so well.

My father had outlived most of his friends and contemporaries, but he wore his eighty-seven years lightly. Notwithstanding his advanced age, we could not think of him as an old man. He was still erect in carriage, with eye undimmed, and his strength but little abated. He had steered his way through many tangled paths, where others might have lost their way. He had much of what men call good sense, and he knew how to use it. His mind was a storehouse of knowledge, and his heart a great fountain of love. He never lost the freshness of youth. All through his life he had excelled in the exposition of the Scriptures; he loved the Old Testament, and many of his texts were from that portion of the Bible. We noticed, as he grew near the end of his life, his Christian earnestness increased, and the greater part of his reading was devoted to the Scriptures. Often would he say, "I am seeing this old book in a new light, and how beautiful it is!"

His Transition.

On January 28, 1892, our dear father was stricken with paralysis. That eloquent tongue which had sung, prayed and preached for so many years was now helpless and silent. Its work on earth was done, but begun in Heaven, for, to our inexpressible grief,

he passed away on February 5, 1892, aged eighty-seven years. We carried him back to Centenary Church on the beautiful Sabbath of February the 7th. The church was crowded to overflowing. The adjoining streets were so crowded with people the police force were required to clear the way. No finer tribute could have been given of the affection and honor in which he was held by all classes of his fellow citizens in St. Louis.

Death has stricken his name from the roll of the living, but it cannot obliterate his deeds. Many, yes, many, are the stars in his crown.

My father was a Wesleyan Methodist, but he had a broad and sweet catholicity, and it was one of the finest traits of his Christian character. Throughout his long life he was devoted to his church, and in recognition of this a grateful church bestowed upon him many honors. He often preached in other cities.

He never lost the freshness of youth. To have known him was a privilege. He was truly a great and a good man by the grace of God.

We carry our memory of him with us till we meet him again where partings are no more.

His funeral sermon was preached by his aged and lifelong friend, Rev. Dr. D. R. McAnally. It was a true and beautiful eulogy of our father's life and character. Dr. John Mathews, former pastor of the Church, spoke in the same vein. Dr. J. W. Lee, pastor of St. John's Church, Dr. Cunningham and several other ministers present also took part in the

services. Our father was laid to rest in beautiful Bellefontaine Cemetery, where so many of his loved ones lie beside him.

Thus ended a long life spent largely in public and religious work, in which he gave so freely the best that was in him for the benefit of others. His was a most unselfish nature. To few of us will be given my father's length of years and full measure of honor and unselfishness. Toward the last he longed for the company of his loved ones on the other shore, and I believe God and the angels, his loved ones, and a whole host of those he had helped were glad to see him.

The heavenly gates swung wide, Father, and you took your well-earned place in the ranks of the ransomed. Ah, the joyful reunions and the recognitions in that land where all is perpetual! Dear Father, yours was not death, just a bright transition. Like a staunch and splendid ship you have made your homing harbor in the peaceful glow of a long day, made beautiful with useful, unselfish service. With many of us, the shadows are lengthening; and after a night of rest, God grant we may meet you in that land where partings are no more.

Memorial Services.

Some years after my father's death, a commemorative service was held in old Centenary Church, to which he had so long been closely attached. The *St. Louis Christian Advocate* of June 13, 1906, gives

the following account of the memorial exercises and the tributes paid to his character:

"The Sunday morning service at Centenary Church on May 27, 1906, was one of unusual interest. The chief feature of the service was the dedication of a magnificent Italian marble baptismal font, which was presented to the church by Mrs. Sophia Hogan Boogher, as a memorial to her father, the Reverend John Hogan. After the usual opening services, the pastor, Rev. Dr. W. F. McMurry, said:

"'No man in the Mississippi Valley deserves a higher place in the hearts of the people, or in the history of this great West, than the Reverend John Hogan, patriot, preacher, saint. It is not fitting that I should speak at length at this time, but I have the very great pleasure of presenting to you this morning a grandson of the man whose memory we honor today, and who will at this time speak such words as he deems best. I introduce to you Mr. John Hogan Boogher, grandson of the Reverend John Hogan.' Mr. Boogher said:

"'Rev. Dr. W. F. McMurry, pastor of Centenary Church; Mr. Murray Carleton, President of the Board of Trustees of Centenary Church: A hundred years ago John Hogan was born, but his long life, four-score and seven years, gave to many of this congregation the privilege of an intimate acquaintance, which meant a deep affection and a lasting love for him.

"'As an orphan boy in the city of Baltimore, he was taken into the City Springs Sunday School by

James Armstrong, the Superintendent of the first Sunday school in America, and there his alert and pure young mind first learned the story of the Savior, whose words became the law of his life—a life thereafter of seventy years of service in the Master's cause, and in the Methodist Church. In 1826 he received his license to preach, and no doubt there are some in this congregation today who heard, in 1891, his last sermon, preached from this pulpit, in old Centenary, the church he loved so well. Although he was then eighty-six years of age, and so feeble that he was hardly able to stand throughout the service, his clear, melodious voice could be heard by all, and those who heard him still cherish the recollection of that day.

“‘But not all of those intervening years were spent in the active work of the ministry. Early in his career the gifted young preacher resigned from the Conference because of the serious illness of his wife, my sainted grandmother, and for many years thereafter he was an important figure in secular and political affairs. He served in the Illinois Legislature with Abraham Lincoln, and there began a friendship between the two men of opposite political faith that was destined to play such an important part in the history of our beloved Methodist Church, South.

“‘Under the administration of President Buchanan he was Postmaster of St. Louis, serving from 1857 until 1861.

“‘After the beginning of the bitter warfare between the states, word reached St. Louis that one

of the war measures decided upon was the confiscation of the Southern Methodist churches. A church at New Orleans was seized, then one at Memphis, and St. Louis was next to be visited. Mr. Hogan hurried to Washington—hurried to the friend of his young manhood, Abe Lincoln; and when he returned to St. Louis he brought the order from the President that rendered inviolable the churches and church properties of the Southern Methodists wherever situated.

“‘In 1864 he was elected as the representative from the City of St. Louis to the Congress at Washington, and his service to his city and his country while a member of that body is an historical record of which every St. Louisan should be proud. An evidence of his greatness was the high regard in which he was held by, and the intimate friendship which he enjoyed with, the great men who, as bishops and preachers, have guided the Methodist Church for nearly a century, as well as with the great men of his day in public life in nearly every state of the Union, and at the national capital.

“‘He was philanthropist, statesman and churchman. There are those here today to speak from their own knowledge of the great works performed by him in the church, in the forum, in private life,—of the greatness of his heart, his mind and his soul; of his philanthropy; of his benevolence,—of his loving kindness; of his geniality; of his remarkable memory; of his wonderful powers of oratory; of his Christian earnestness; of his long life.

“ ‘The purity of this marble is emblematical of the purity of his life during the long years of his service for his Master’s cause. His daily life was a benediction for all with whom he came in contact. For that reason a loving daughter, my own dear mother, who has knelt at this altar during fifty years of membership in this congregation, today presents as an offering to the memory of her beloved father this baptismal bowl, in the hope and prayer that every child who receives baptism from its sacred urn may be throughout life as pure, as upright and as devoted to the Savior’s cause as was John Hogan; and that every adult that receives here the first baptism of Christ may thereafter throughout life follow the principles that guided the daily life of John Hogan. His soul is at peace.

“ ‘In the name of my mother, Mrs. Sophia Hogan Boogher, I beg of you to accept this memorial.’

“ ‘Mr. Murray Carleton, President of the Board of Trustees, said:

“ ‘Dr. McMurry, Brother Boogher, and Christian friends: The finest fruit of all the earth is a full, well-rounded manhood, such a type as was exemplified in the life, character and work of the Reverend John Hogan. His children and his grandchildren have received a heritage and a legacy in his good name that surpasses the value of riches, because, truly, a good name is better than riches.

“ ‘John Hogan stood firmly between right and wrong. His life pushed back evil, and made possible

for the right a larger circle for good and for beneficent influence upon the generations in which he lived. Many of us recall his life. For twenty years, the speaker was privileged to worship with him in this congregation. Though he passed away in 1892, I well recall the sermon to which Mr. Boogher referred. He came with prophecy and with benediction, taking up and gathering up the fullness of a well-spent life, and giving it back to us with such force and power that the remembrance of that day and of his sayings has had an influence over the lives of many that were privileged then to hear him.

“‘This beautiful memorial is significant, not only of the love and affection and tenderness of a daughter and of the children, and all of those who had a part in its carrying out, but of the life, the character, the worth and the moral purpose of the man in whose memory we today accept this gift in behalf of the membership and of the officers of this great church; and it is accepted, Mr. Boogher, with a desire and purpose that the life of your grandfather—that noble man—may be, in the successive generations to come, an influence that shall not lose its potency in Centenary Church and the world at large, wherever the hand of help and succor must be reached out to lift up fallen men, in the name of Him who died to save us.’

“Rev. Dr. W. F. McMurry: ‘It is now proper that the children who are here present for baptism should be baptized at this time, after which we will hear some words from Mrs. John Mathews, who,

with her husband, who is present, knew, loved and honored Mr. Hogan through many years.'

"(Dr. McMurry administered the sacrament of baptism to two infants, John Glidewell Kellar and Edna Lorraine DeVinney).

"Rev. Dr. McMurry, in introducing Mrs. John Mathews, said:

" 'In casting about for someone to give some personal recollections and some estimate of the character of the Reverend John Hogan, there seemed to be unanimous agreement that Mrs. Mathews, who was so long associated with this church, and who is with us this morning, and who so much loved John Hogan when he worshiped here at this altar, and who has been such an esteemed and confidential friend of the descendants of this great and worthy man,—I say it seemed to have been the unanimous agreement among us that Mrs. Mathews was the one to speak the words to which I allude. I have very great pleasure in presenting her at this time.'

"Mrs. Mathews said: 'I was surprised, yet glad, when Dr. McMurry asked me to say something of Brother Hogan on this occasion. Friendship, Christian friendship, delights to render tribute to one whose presence and spirit always suggested humanity's supreme and unfailing friend. Brother Hogan always made one think of the Christ.

" 'We came to St. Louis in 1886, Dr. Mathews succeeding Dr. Tudor in the pastorate of this grand and historic church. Among the first to call upon and welcome us was Brother Hogan. He had been

an itinerant himself, and knew from experience how grateful is the new preacher's heart for the prompt attention and kindness of his people. We liked him the more the better we knew him. We were often in his home, and counted ourselves privileged in listening to his words of wisdom, concerning the history-making epoch of which he was no small factor. He was an old man when I first saw him—an old man with a young heart. His face was benignity itself. Honor, truth and sincerity characterized every feature of his noble countenance. He must have been a very handsome man in youthful vigor.

“‘During the four years of my husband's first pastorate at Centenary, Brother Hogan never omitted on each recurring Christmastide and Thanksgiving day to send to the preacher's home substantial evidences of his thought and love. We soon learned he was held in high esteem by the church. Centenary loved him and he loved Centenary. As long as his physical condition permitted he was present at the Sunday and weekday services. Dr. Mathews says in “Peeps Into Life”: “He was mighty in prayer; his voice was rich in tones which were very effective with the listener.” All felt he had audience with God.

“‘What more appropriate, more fitting than this baptismal font within the chancel of the church he loved so well?

“‘We are told there is great joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. We know there must be

joy over the consecration of infant and adult life in holy baptism before this altar, Sunday by Sunday. We love to think of Brother Hogan as present in spirit, witnessing these solemn scenes, and knowing the angelic joy of having men, women and children enter upon the upward and heavenly way.

“‘I recall distinctly his funeral services. One of the largest congregations I ever saw in this house on a like occasion’ was assembled to honor him. City officials, heads of great financial institutions, ministers of various denominations, men from all walks of life, were here to honor a man who had so lived among them as to be commonly called “Honest John Hogan.” He was true and faithful in all the relations of life. As a private citizen, as a public servant, he could, with Job, lift up clean hands and make appeal to God and man. We are proud to have been numbered with his friends.’

“‘This occasion,’ said Dr. McMurry, “‘would be complete, indeed, if Dr. Mathews felt able to speak a word, and I hope, before the service comes to a close, that he will have some message for us in this good hour.’”

“Rev. John Mathews, D. D., broken with age and in feebleness extreme, was assisted into the pulpit by the pastor, Dr. McMurry. He said:

“‘This is an unexpected event for me. The Sunday before the 13th of last June was the last time I stood in the pulpit. But the pastor—I believe you are still the pastor—the pastor insisted upon my

making a remark or two. While we were singing, I tried to recall a few facts.

“ ‘Brother Hogan impressed me as a man of remarkable qualities. When I first saw him, he shook just like I shake now, from partial paralysis. Someone sent me an account of his life, relating that when he came west, in his young manhood, he was the most attractive preacher in the whole of Illinois, and that many people went to hear him preach, and felt the influence of the Gospel from his lips, and enjoyed it greatly. Owing to the ill health of his wife, he had to “locate.” He came to this city. When I was pastor here he was one of the first to welcome me, and always had a kind word. Sometimes the preachers meet with all kinds of criticism, and are watched over by the detectives of the church. He never was a detective. He was one of the kind that stood behind the pastor, and gave him his influence, his love and his prayers.

“ ‘At his funeral old Dr. McAnally was requested to preach the funeral service. I was in the pulpit. I was then pastor of St. John’s—had served one term in it. They wanted me to take part in the funeral service. Dr. McAnally, old and trembling, on the verge of eternity, stood up and read his text, but could do no more, and had to sit down. They had selected—I do not know whether it was the preacher—they had selected a whole lot of solemn dirgeful tunes—funeral tunes—at the time of his funeral. When it came time for me to speak I said if I were conducting that funeral I would not have introduced

any of that. I would have sung a song of triumph, like "Palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory I shall bear."

"[Dr. Mathews began singing:]

" "Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He will not refuse to lend."

" "Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall bear.'"

"[The entire congregation joined heartily in the chorus. A more affecting scene was never witnessed in Centenary Church.]

" "He has gone home to God. I hope his children and grandchildren will follow in his steps. I am pushing hard on. I am looking out every day—living a day at a time. There is a very great change when you look at me now, and remember what I was eighteen years ago, when I stood up in this place and rallied the forces of Jehovah, and hied them on to the battle, but my heart is just as true today. My voice is changed, my lips fail, but my old heart still beats for heaven, and I expect when I get home to see Brother Hogan. God bless old Centenary, so dear to my heart. God bless the pastor, and all connected here. God bless you.'"

"Dr. McMurry then said:

" "I had prepared this morning to preach from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, sixteenth verse: "But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called

their God: for he hath prepared for them a city." But I feel that it would be an intrusion that would mar the service, even to begin a discourse at this time. I prefer that the memory of the words of this noble grandson, of those of the President of the Board of Trustees, and of Mrs. Mathews and Dr. Mathews, be with you; and great profit will come as you think upon the things that have been so truly said of this great and good man.' "

So with this testimony of these friends, who knew and loved my father, I bring these recollections to a close. I hope that they may be an inspiration for service "in His name" to my children and grandchildren who have been so interested in my writing this biography, and to whom I now dedicate it.

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW

“Some time at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away,
With no response to a friendly hail
Of kindred craft in a busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the moon stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the water’s flow,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.

“A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving hearts that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail,
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O’er the restless sea to the Heavenly shore.”

